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In Memoriam

Dr. James Livingstone Thompson

Dr. Daniel A. Thompson

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AL
RY.



iver.

In Memory of
Dr. James Livingstone Thompson
1832-1913

and His Son

Dr. Daniel A. Thompson
1862-1904

By

**The Indianapolis Literary Club
The Indianapolis Medical Society
The Loyal Legion of Indiana
The Medical College of Indiana
The Family of Dr. Thompson**

And

**Other Friends and Lovers of
Many Years**



**Indianapolis, Indiana
November, 1913**

12052

**Printed by The Hollenbeck Press
Indianapolis**



LR. JAMES LIVINGSTON

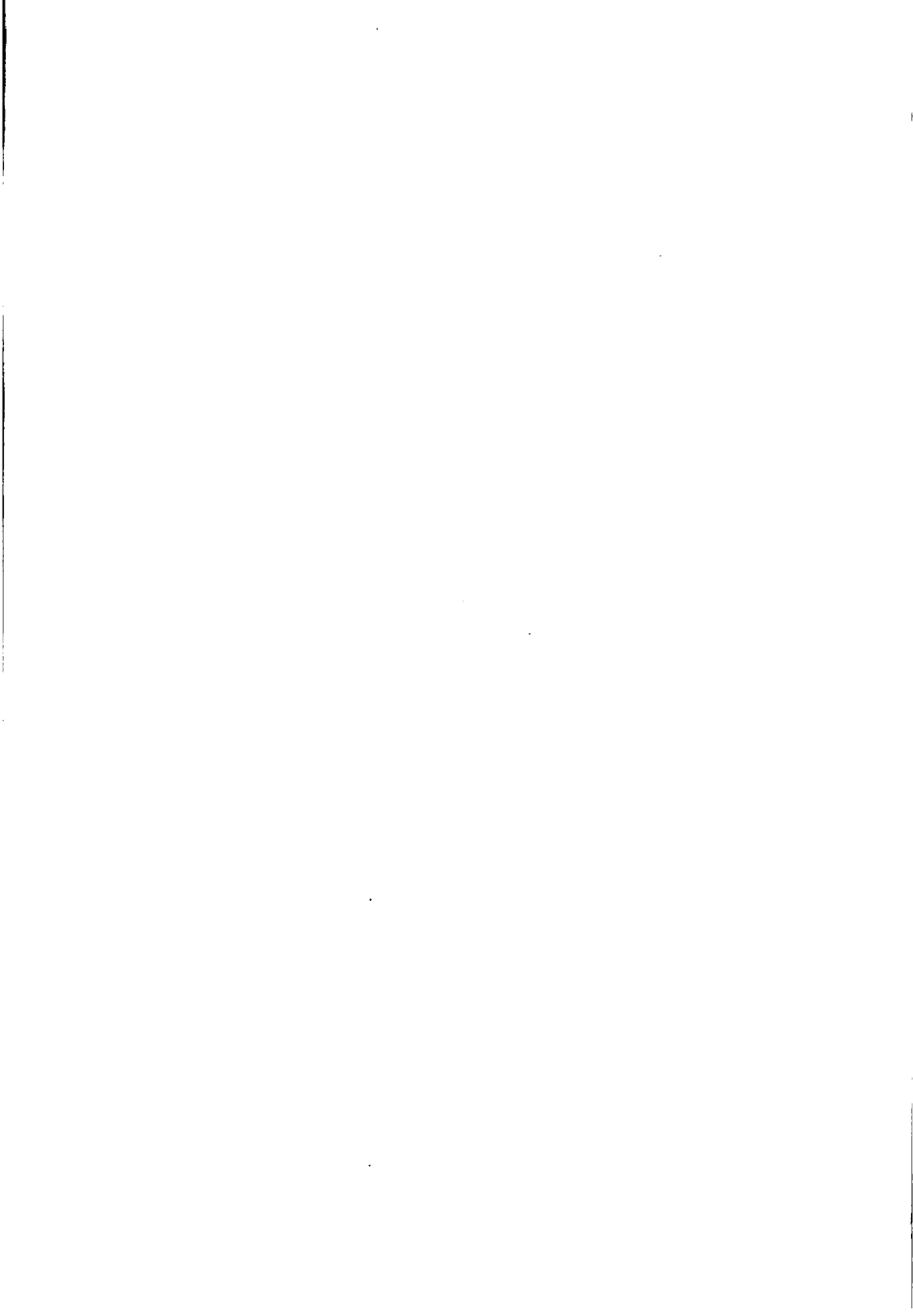
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Joined like a
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Do seem to
O'ertopping
Of lordly



DR. JAMES LIVINGSTONE THOMPSON

*His every feature speaks his mental force;—
Jawed like a vise; a nose like any prow
Fronting the storm; such eyes as in their ire
Do seem to singe; and the high, vasty brow
O'ertopping all, a tow'ring bleak Mont Blanc
Of lordly individuality.*

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



DR. JAMES LIVINGSTONE THOMPSON

He was a man! In all the ways of life
Strong in his purpose, clear of mind and will,
Who knew men's weakness and yet loved them still.
A man of peace, but not afraid of strife,
Who knew when balm was needed, when the knife
Which Science taught him to control with skill.
A duty once acknowledged, to fulfil
Was all his thought; and so his days were rife
With high endeavor and with noble deed,
Binding his friends to him with links of love
That are not broken at life's broken span.
With vision bounded by no man-made creed
He faced the infinite future, where, above
Earth's stress, we believe he still bides, a MAN.

—CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS.

INTRODUCTORY

A. W. BRAYTON

"He took the suffering human race;
He read each wound—each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place
And said, 'Thou ailest here—and here'."

"Why not idealize the doctor some?" is the keynote of this memorial in love and honor of Doctor James Livingstone Thompson. To account for such a man as Doctor Thompson we should know something of his descent, his early life, and the various social, intellectual and spiritual forces that influenced and directed his course as son, husband and father; as citizen, soldier and physician. These various features are set forth in the memorials which follow by Doctors Heath and Woollen; by selections from his score of club essays and addresses before medical societies; by reminiscences from his daughter, Mrs. John H. Oliver, and by the telegrams and letters received by his family following the news of his death.

Life was no holiday to this strenuous spirit. His supremacy was acknowledged by all; throughout a long and active career his beneficent power and influence was constantly increasing. Like the old Hebrew prophets he quoted so often and fittingly, he poured out his soul in vehement protest against evil, and by his work and words strove for justice, humility and righteousness. He brought to his aid an infinite faith and reverent hope, trusting the Power by which he worked and lived. His fourscore years have seen

civilization extend over the greatest and fairest valley of the world. He saw his adopted country rent with strife, and following his duty and his will took a worthy part in the conflict as physician and surgeon, binding up the nation's wounds as far as lay in his power after the close of the Civil War, in the faith that the destiny of organized nature and of human institutions is beneficent. For his part in this great drama he was well fitted by his vocation, for the medical profession, perhaps more than any other, imparts to its disciples a reverence and wisdom born of deepest insight and knowledge, affording joy in labor and inspiring cheerfulness and hope.

The life of any man rightly and courageously lived is in itself a true romance. The aftermath of the experiences, memories and reveries of the soldier-surgeons of the civil war must have yielded to their fancy a higher joy than any fiction. Friendships were formed which only death could sever, as is shown in the Loyal Legion memorial written by Dr. G. V. Woollen for his soldier friends and the appended letter from his comrade in arms, W. D. Hale, of Minneapolis—hearts of each other, sure, and correspondents for fifty years. But such a life as these soldier-surgeons led, "Life struck sharp on Death," does not content itself with dreams and fancies, with camp-fire stories, but leads to intellectual seriousness, to reason and deduction; to things done and the doers and their relation to the past and present, and so stimulates in them the study of man and the knowledge of history and biography which is so notable in the club papers and discussions of Doctor Thompson.

The purpose of such a memorial as this presents is for his immediate family and friends, for the literary club, the local medical society, the soldier group rep-

resented by the Loyal Legion, his brother specialists in ophthalmology, among whom Doctor Thompson was a leader; the daily assembly in his office or city clinics of those to whom he has restored the light and joy of life. But it is more even than all of these. *It is a permanent monument to a great man who for forty years walked and worked among us.* It is of more worth than monuments of marble or tablets of bronze; these crumble; they are lost—but the verse of the poet Riley, the sonnet of Mr. Williams, the intimate appreciation of Meredith Nicholson, the letter of Comrade Hale, the loving note of Mr. Mason, whose sight was in Doctor Thompson's care for thirty-seven years, the memoir of his dear confrere, Doctor Heath, the letter of his daughter, with its scant reminiscences of her father's life in London and sailor of the Mediterranean, the comforting words of the pastors, Doctors Stansfield and Haines, and Rabbi Feuerlicht, the sorrowing notes of Demarchus Brown and Albert J. Beveridge—all these things of the heart and life which have to do with our social nature in our own day and generation—these records of love and service by the living, and respect and honor for the dead—all these for long time to come will be set beyond the reach of moth and rust. Oblivion can not claim them; they can not be alienated. The written word is the only thing that endures. Such a tribute few of us can hope to have, for to but few of us is given such descent and opportunity and the will to use them as fell to Doctor Thompson in both times of war and peace. We shall at least have shown that we have appreciation of human worth and dignity and can recognize greatness even when personified in our friend and neighbor, and testify that in the storm and stress of modern life we have found time to pause and gather up our dead.

The days and years of peace are not ignoble, not without courage and honorable contests and victories. But more to the soldier-physicians like Doctor Thompson, who have passed beyond the sound of our transient voices, do we feel that to them it was given to uphold the ideals of nobility and manhood; of liberty, charity and healing, which by their triumphs have done so much to unite in the bonds of peace and knowledge, good-will and friendship, all sections of our country. And therefore, the medical profession has justly held its soldier-physicians in high honor and remembrance. Few of them are left to us now—less than a score in our State brotherhood of more than three thousand members. And to each of them will be sent a copy of this memorial.

Doctor Thompson's last public address was before the joint banquet of the faculty and alumni of Rush Medical College, the evening of June twelve, 1912, the seventieth anniversary of the school. Doctor Thompson was a student of Rush from 1857 to 1860, and represented the class with which he graduated fifty-two years before. Comparing the present conditions of medical science and education with those of his student years in Chicago, he exalted the men of might and vision like Benjamin Rush and Doctor Brainard, who founded and organized the great Philadelphia and Chicago medical schools, devoting to them their entire strength and substance. "The faculty of Rush," he said, "was composed of excellent teachers, honorable men of the old school." His only son, Dr. Daniel A. Thompson, whose memorial is included with his father's in this collection, was named in honor of the founder of his alma mater, Dr. Daniel Brainard, whom he described as a gentleman of cul-

ture and learning, tall and stately, of iron constitution, and in manner the soul of dignity.

In this address Doctor Thompson outlined briefly the great progress in medicine in the half-century of his practice, but took occasion to warn the medical profession of the dangers of self-flattery and self-delusion, "for things are what they are and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should you desire to be deceived." And he regretted that a spirit of graft and commercialism is the Gorgon's head to be abhorred and destroyed. "Fancy," he said, "the dignified Dr. N. S. Davis appealing to the equally proud surgeon, Brainard, that the latter give him a fee for sending a patient to him! If we do this, the name of doctor will become, as Horace Greeley said of New York Aldermen, 'synonymous with thief.'"

"How applicable," he continued, "to such a condition are the words of the Seer of Patmos in his letter to the angel of the Church of Ephesus:

I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil; and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars:

And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted.

Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works: or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

All the above, the memories of fifty years, the description of his professors, the rise of the new medicine, the danger of delusion and of commercialism,

and the scathing scriptural quotation, without a scrap of paper in his hand—such was his way of speech in our literary club and in our medical society in Indianapolis for over thirty years.

His attitude toward his patients and profession is well summed up in the words of Guy de Chauliac, of Avignon, physician to the Pope, and Pare's Master:

Let the surgeon be well educated, skilful, ready and courageous. Let him be bold in those things which are safe, fearful in those that are dangerous; avoiding all evil methods and practices. Let him be tender with the sick; honorable to men of his profession; wise in his predictions; chaste, sober, pitiful, merciful. Not covetous or extortionate, but rather let him take his wages in moderation, according to his work, and the worth of his patient, and the issue of the disease and his own worth.

Chaucer speaks tenderly of death as a weary old man

Wandering like a restless slave,
And on the earth which is his mother's gate,
With his staff knocking early and late,
Saying to her, "Dear Mother, let me in!"

To Doctor Thompson the realm of death was not an enemy's land to which we are driven by stress of age or disease, but a haven of rest where he gladly moored his bark; the golden west in which the sun sinks but casts back an afterglow upon the cloud-rack which had darkly shrouded his later years. One stormy winter night as I walked with him from the Club to the Illinois car, I remarked that he should not walk late alone, as he might fall or be waylaid, and his answer was: "Count no man happy till he is

dead. A worse thing I fear, and that is the long nights I may lie in pain with my fractured thigh tormenting my nerves and flesh." But he had the "enduring heart" which bore him above the pain and turmoil of the flesh to the highlands of faith and hope. He had fought the good fight; he had the consciousness of work well done for his family, his patients, and his country. His final release was without severe pain or anguish. His family was with him; his daughter, Mrs. Oliver, and her husband whose surgical skill and sympathy had kept him comfortable for several years; his grandchildren, to each of whom he was devotedly attached. His wife and his only son had passed on before.

It is for the comfort of this family group that this memoir by various friends has been prepared, and also for the literary society at which he had been present for nearly a thousand meetings, and before which he read more than a score of papers in a period of thirty-five years. The memoir written by Doctor Heath sums up his work as a member of the Club, the local Medical Society, the State Medical Society, and the American Medical Association for over forty years. He was a teacher in the Indiana Medical College and in the clinics of the City Hospital for thirty years. The Indianapolis Medical Society held a memorial meeting the evening of March 6, a report of which is included, and Doctor Heath read at a later meeting the memoir which the Society—over three hundred in number—requested printed and distributed. Copies will be sent to Doctor Thompson's scientific colleagues in the United States and abroad.

Mr. Charles R. Williams has written a sonnet in memory of him who was loved and honored in so many widening circles of interest from the time he began his service as a surgeon in the Civil War to

the time of his death. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, at the State Medical Society banquet of June 5, 1888, read his poem "Doc Sifers", consisting of sixteen quatrains, later expanded into the beautiful appreciation of the general practitioner, "The Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers". Mr. Riley also wrote the verses introducing the various speakers, and characterized Doctor Thompson, who was the toastmaster, in the following lines which the poet now says may well stand in this memoir as the description of Doctor Thompson's personality:

His every feature speaks his mental force;—
Jawed like a vise; a nose like any prow
Fronting the storm; such eyes as in their ire
Do seem to singe; and the high, vasty brow
O'ertopping all, a tow'ring bleak Mont Blanc
Of lordly individuality.

Doctor Thompson's literary bent and writing was historical, with art and mythology predominating in his earlier papers. Among his Club papers may be observed a group including "Art," "Greek Morals," "Endymion," "The Many-named Son of Semele," and other allied essays rich in mythology, as often were his discussions and illustrations.

He collected a large library of English and American authors on colonial history and the founding of the Republic. From his historical papers, "Gleanings from American History," he called them, the committee selected the one on "American History from the End of the Revolution to the Inauguration of Washington" as a fitting example of a group which included "A Comparison of Jefferson and Jackson," "The Federal Convention," "Sam Adams—the Man of the Town-Meeting," "The Administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan."

Other papers read before the Club were: "Gleanings from Roman History," "Charles I," "The Great Plague of London," "Tolstoi," "Julian the Apostate." The paper on "Cataract" here included is of general interest and illustrates the vivid and forceful style of the author. For Doctor Thompson has been eyes to the otherwise blind of many members of this Club and their families, as instanced in the letters of condolence received by his family.

Such in social and civil life, in culture and in medicine, was Dr. James Livingstone Thompson—in the words of Stevenson, commemorating his physicians—

The flower (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with and only remembered to be marveled at in history, the physician will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has such as is possible to those who practice an art—never to those who drive a trade; discretion tested by a hundred secrets; tact tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage.

He was the fulfilment of the old definition of the physician given by Hippocrates,—the good man skilled in healing.

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE AND SYMPATHY

From Albert J. Beveridge, Washington, D. C.

MARCH 7, 1913.

DEAR DOCTOR AND MRS. OLIVER—My deepest sympathy; I grieve with you. Doctor Thompson was one of the dearest friends I ever had, or ever hope to have.

*From Major William D. Hale, postmaster of
Minneapolis.*

MARCH 6, 1913.

DR. JOHN H. OLIVER—Your telegram informing me of the death of my friend and comrade in arms is received. A noble life has reached its appointed end, and with the evening has come rest and eternal peace beside his loved ones. I beg you and Mrs. Oliver to accept my heartfelt sympathy.

From Mr. Charles R. Williams, of Indianapolis.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y., March 6 1913.

MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER—I am grieved to know of the death of your good father. I mourn with you. He was a man to admire and love. I never thought of him as an old man. His intellectual interests were so many and so varied; his comments so penetrating and incisive. It was always a pleasure to be with him and enjoy his conversation. I have lost a true friend. Peace to his ashes. God's comfort to you.

In all sincerity,

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS.

From Mr. J. C. Shaffer, of Chicago, to Mr. Charles E. Coffin, of Indianapolis.

MARCH 7, 1913.

I am deeply grieved by the news that our dear friend, Doctor Thompson, has passed away. Please call and give Doctor and Mrs. Oliver my sympathy. It is a loss not only to them, but to Indianapolis. It might be said that the whole community is in mourning for a great and noble friend who has passed into the better world.

From Mr. Demarchus Brown, State Librarian, Under Date March 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER—I can not let the occasion pass without writing you of the admiration and respect I had for your father, Doctor Thompson. To me he was always beautiful, and especially in his advancing years. He loved to keep on learning, and that is uncommon with most of us. I rejoice in the memory of having known him. Please accept my kindest regards and sympathy.

Sincerely,

DEMARCHUS BROWN.

From Doctor Thompson's Comrade in Arms and Lifelong Friend, Major William D. Hale.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 7, 1913.

MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER—The announcement of the death of your father, following so soon his letters of the 13th and 24th, ult., was a real shock, being so wholly unexpected and deeply saddening, as it told of the passing of one more of my most beloved friends. It can not be otherwise in the order of nature, and we can not complain, for He who guides our way has given us many years beyond the average

limitation of life. With deep reflection comes a feeling of thankfulness that he has been given release at the end of a long and useful life—in honor among men, in devoted love of family and friends, with character without stain, with reputation without spot—and to have the blessed assurance that, answering the summons of the King of Kings, with face uplifted, has passed into His presence.

His last letter, addressed to Mrs. Hale, was written on the 24th, ult., and may have been the last he ever wrote. Thinking you might like to see it, I am enclosing it herewith, and unless you should wish to keep it for any reason, shall be glad to have it returned to me at your convenience. I should be much pleased, also, to have a copy of your local paper containing a memorial account of his life and services. If Dr. Oliver could send me seven or eight copies I would mail one to each of the officers of our regiment, whose addresses I now have.

With renewed assurances of my deep sympathy, and trusting "that as thy needs so shall thy strength be," I am,

Very truly,

W. D. HALE.

*From Morris M. Feuerlicht, Rabbi Indianapolis
Hebrew Congregation*

INDIANAPOLIS, March 7, 1913.

Doctor and Mrs. John H. Oliver, Indianapolis:

MY DEAR DOCTOR AND MRS. OLIVER—I trust I am not obtruding upon your grief; but, having known and admired Doctor Thompson as I did in his life, I feel impelled to record my sorrow with you in his death. As one of a newer generation in Indianapolis, I had come to learn and respect the fine and uplifting influence as exemplified and wielded by so cul-

tured and big-hearted a representative of the older generation as was your lamented father. Please accept this meager expression of my earnest respect for him and my heartfelt sympathy with you.

Sincerely yours,

MORRIS M. FEUERLICHT.

From Mr. Augustus Lynch Mason

INDIANAPOLIS, March 7, 1913.

DEAR MRS. OLIVER—In the death of your father I meet with a personal loss which can hardly be stated in words. I have been under his professional care for thirty-seven years. To him I owe most of what I have accomplished in life. More than this, through our personal relations and our contact in the Literary Club he became long ago one of a half dozen of my best and most congenial friends. He never grew old to me. At my last visit to him on December 28th, 1912, we had the same congenial converse which we used to have in years gone by. His place in my life can never be filled. I join my sorrow with yours, and yet in doing so I can not but congratulate you on having had such a wonderful father.

Yours sincerely,

AUGUSTUS L. MASON.

*From the Rev. M. F. Haines, Pastor of the First
Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis.*

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER—I was surprised and pained to learn to-day through our Indianapolis paper of the death of your honored and loved father. I saw him but a few weeks ago and he seemed to me in better health than for some time previous. Even in the midst of your sorrows it must be a deep comfort for

you to remember all that God enabled your father to do and to be in his long and exceptionally influential life.

Personally I owe to him more than I can easily express in words for the professional skill and genuine sympathetic kindness with which he ministered to my mother when in advanced years she came to him for treatment for cataract and finally for an operation. I never can forget the courteous, kindly interest he took in her case—which, united with his rare professional skill, brought her in safety through a trying ordeal. I wonder how many hundreds and thousands there are to whom his skill and sympathy have been a rich blessing.

And now to the heritage of your memories are joined the sure hopes of that higher life and nobler service to which he has been called by our Heavenly Father.

Mrs. Haines joins with me in heartfelt sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

M. F. HAINES.

Reminiscences from Mrs. Oliver

In answer to a query as to Doctor Thompson's early life, his daughter, Mrs. John H. Oliver, sent the following notes of interest to his friends under date of September 17:

DEAR DOCTOR BRAYTON—My father went to private schools, as was the custom of his people, but I am sorry to say I know not the names of them. His uncle owned a sailing vessel, and I think it was a boyish ambition of my father to be a sailor, for he once cruised eighteen months on the Mediterranean with his uncle. He loved the water, and in speaking of a vessel would always use nautical terms—and

would be quite vexed with us (children) if we did not do the same. He thoroughly enjoyed a trip on the ocean, he knew every sail on a full-rigged sailing vessel, and told us he was always seasick afterward if his uncle remained in port over two weeks.

I do not know if he were related to the great Livingston, for whom he was named, but I do know he greatly admired the intrepid spirit of that explorer. My father was born in London, and came over to America to his sister, then married and living in Chicago, when he was nineteen years of age.

My brother's (Dr. Daniel A. Thompson) two children are James Livingstone Thompson and Martha Louise Thompson; their mother is dead. My aunt in Chicago, my father's sister, is Mrs. E. H. Bergh. My father also has two nephews in London—Ernest and Walter Urquhart Davey, sons of a deceased sister. He had one brother, who was principal of Sir Robert Peel's schools in England, and another brother, a civil engineer, in Wales. Our children are Martha Oliver and Olive Oliver, and, as you know, my name is Emma Louise Thompson Oliver.

I wish I could tell you how sweet and gentle my father was in all his suffering these last few years. With his tender love and wise counsel he was infinitely helpful to me in the rearing of my brother's children. His constant desire was that he might be spared to help me rear them and to see them settled in life.

Sincerely,

E. L. OLIVER.

APPRECIATION BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Dr. James Livingstone Thompson was one of the most interesting men this community has known. Those of us who are now cruising through the forties have been privileged to sit at the feet of many great and good men here at Indianapolis, and among these Doctor Thompson's place is high. In my own pantheon I place him with Myron Reed, Oscar McCulloch and John T. Dye. His personality was wholly unusual. The tangential flashes of his wit, his mordant humor, the range of his knowledge, set him apart in every gathering. At the meetings of the Indianapolis Literary Club it was always his right and privilege to cap every climax with some utterance that relieved the tension and cleared the air with laughter. He turned from the peculiarly delicate and difficult tasks of his branch of the medical profession to the books of all time, and his discussion of literary topics was always fresh and stimulating. He was one of the most captivating of talkers,—no commonplaces, no worked-over rubbish from other minds;—an independent thinker with a rare genius for terse and convincing statement. There was a pungency, a delicious tang to his speech, that compelled attention. He was one of the most quoted men in town in a day when,—or so it seems in the retrospect,—there were more quotable men among us than now,—Reed and Fishback, for example, who, like Doctor Thompson, can have no successors.

The last time I saw Doctor Thompson I met him on a street car, where, in his characteristic way, he referred to a remark I had made somewhere about an aspirant for local office. He said he had been anxious to see me to approve of the phrase applied to this politician, and he played upon it in his own

inimitable way. Though quite feeble the old humor bubbled, and I am glad to have this last memory of him.

There was a rare gentleness in him. Sweetness, kindness and generosity were notable traits of his character. I remember an occasion when he feared—quite unnecessarily, as I remember the circumstances—that he had given offense or inflicted pain upon a fellow club-member. He was greatly distressed and unhappy until he had proffered an apology and explained the matter to several friends. He saved his shafts for those who were a fair target, remembering Bacon's counsel that "men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness."

He was an important contributor to the higher life of the community in which he lived and labored, and to which he brought so much of dignity and honor.

In Memoriam

DR. JAMES LIVINGSTONE THOMPSON

1832—1913.

(The Indianapolis Literary Club, of which Doctor Thompson was a member for thirty-five years, appointed Drs. A. W. Brayton, F. C. Heath and Mr. C. R. Williams to prepare a memorial in honor of Doctor Thompson. The committee requested Doctor Heath to act as secretary and author, and the present beautiful tribute was written by Doctor Heath and read by him to the club at the regular meeting, March 31, and before the Indianapolis Medical Society, April 8.)

John Bright, on the death of his friend, Cobden, said: "I have only to say that after twenty years of intimate friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him." And this is our feeling at the loss of our friend, Dr. James Livingstone Thompson.

His life is full of lessons of inspiration and encouragement, of industry, fidelity and loyalty to high ideals. Born in London, England, October 5, 1832, he came to America while still a youth and was ever intensely loyal to his adopted country. No man loved the stars and stripes more than he. No native American could outvie, few could equal, his enthusiastic devotion. His services during the civil war as assistant surgeon, surgeon of the Fourth United States Heavy Artillery of colored troops and medical director of western Kentucky, were of great value. He always maintained a lively interest in the Loyal Legion, and

took pride in his son's prominence in the Indiana Light Artillery. That America should have a stronger navy as well as a larger share in the ownership of merchant vessels carrying the commerce of the nations across the seas, he frequently contended, one of his early papers in the Indianapolis Literary Club being entitled, "Our Maritime Apathy." When Indiana was called to furnish a silver service for the battleship bearing her name, he wrote a stirring appeal to the people in its support, accompanying it with a large contribution, although he had already been enrolled as one of the earliest and most liberal contributors.

But he was always liberal. His philanthropy was without ostentation, exemplifying Cowper's ideal of true charity.

I mean the man, who,
When the distant poor need help,
Denies them nothing—but his name.

The Charity Organization Society reports for many years carry his name as a member of the finance committee of the Indianapolis Benevolent Society and as a liberal giver. His gratuitous services to the poor were vast and invaluable. It was his invariable custom to refuse to accept fees from patients of moderate means suffering with incurable affections. The poor souls, he said, would need the money and he could not take it from them.

For a number of years following the war, Doctor Thompson was in the general practice of medicine in Rush county, Indiana, and at Harrison, Ohio, later taking a special course in diseases of the eye and ear under Dr. Elkanah Williams, of Cincinnati, the great pioneer in ophthalmology west of the Alleghanies,

and becoming his assistant for a year. Locating at Indianapolis in 1871, he was the pioneer specialist west of Ohio. His success was now rapid and almost unprecedented, due partly to the fact that he filled a needed place in the community, but also in a large measure due to his qualities as a skilled oculist, a wise and reliable adviser, and a remarkable judge of human nature. Patients came from far and near, attracted by his successful results and growing reputation. In the words of the late Doctor Marsee, "they sat about his office in rows like crows upon a rail fence," and, whenever there was any reduction in railroad fares, as in state fair week, the crowd was enormous from early morn deep into the night. His patronage was not confined to Indiana, nor even to the adjoining states, but many cases came from distant portions of the country, referred by appreciative physicians or grateful patients.

George Elliot says in Middlemarch: "Many of us, looking back through life, would say that the kindest man we have ever known has been a medical man, or perhaps that surgeon, whose fine tact, directed by deeply informed perception, has come to us in our need with a more sublime beneficence than that of the miracle-workers." It would be hardly possible, in this part of the country, to get a group of people together in which there would not be a number holding in their hearts this sort of grateful appreciation of Doctor Thompson. Like the Master he served, the Great Physician, he relieved the sufferings of the multitude and opened the eyes of the blind.

Doctor Thompson was a brilliant and rapid operator, using either hand with equal facility. In cataract operations, he preferred a knife, devised by himself, with a narrow, curved blade, the sharp edge being on the convexity of the curve. With regard

to new methods his course was that of the true conservative, measured by the standard of Pope:

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

In other words, experiments were left to others, and yet his conservatism did not prevent his keeping abreast of the times, even in his later years, and his rapidity and brilliancy as an operator were still retained at the age of eighty. But it is hard to consider one old with a heart as young and a mind as active as ever, and he could always hold his own with the brightest and best in his special line of scientific work or favorite path of literary pursuit.

A surgeon, to be successful and truly helpful, needs a rare combination of strong nerve and tender sympathy. One often hears it said that the art of healing makes men hard hearted and indifferent to human suffering. The best answer to this is given by Riley in his poem on our profession as a whole, although written in commemoration of Dr. W. B. Fletcher and printed the day of his funeral:

The doctor is, by principle, we know,
Opposed to sentiment: he veils all show
Of feeling, and is proudest when he hides
The sympathy which natively abides
Within the stoic precincts of a soul
Which owns strict duty as its first control,
And so must guard the ill, lest worse may
come. . . .
Why not idealize the doctor some?

He wisely hides his heart from you and me—
He hath grown tearless, of necessity,—
He knows the sight is clearer, being blind;
He knows the cruel knife is very kind;

Ofttimes he must be pitiless, for thought
Of the remembered wife or child he sought
To save through kindness that was overcome.
Why not idealize the doctor some?

Bear with him, trustful, in his darkest doubt
Of how the mystery of death comes out;
He knows—he knows,—aye, better yet than we,
That out of Time must dawn Eternity;
He knows his own compassion—what *he* would
Give in relief of all ills, if he could.—
We wait alike one Master: He will come.
Do we idealize the doctor some?

The papers and discussions of Doctor Thompson before medical associations were of a high order. He tried to present a subject that would be of some use to his hearers. Consequently in most of his papers before the state medical association and other gatherings of general practitioners he avoided operative subjects and purely technical matters of his specialty, and confined himself to refractive errors and common diseases, especially those likely to come under the observation of the general practitioner primarily, or those in which constitutional conditions explained the causation and brought the general and special practitioner into close association. Before men working in the same line as himself he drew from the rich stores of his great experience and contributed much valuable information in the discussion of the various debatable points in ophthalmology. For example, he argued strongly against operating on both eyes for cataract at the same time, and thus helped remove that subject from the category of disputed questions. When stricken with his last illness, he was preparing a paper on "Chronic Uveitis," to read before the eye section of the Amer-

ican Medical Association next June. The obscure point here is the causation and he would no doubt have furnished much conclusive evidence from a study of his case records for forty years. His discussions were usually short, but pointed. At times his mind was so active that he was a little hard to follow—he would leave one sentence unfinished to plunge into another—but his flow of language as well as his rapidity of mental action were remarkable, and he was classed among the best discussants in the profession.

In 1894 he had the signal honor, for an American, of reading a paper, by invitation, before the British Medical Association, his subject being, "Some Unusual Forms of Opacity of the Crystalline Lens," the material coming very largely from his case-books. The same year he represented America as a delegate to the International Ophthalmological Congress at Edinburgh, Scotland. Fourteen years before he had been a delegate to the International Congress at Milan, Italy. He served as professor of diseases of the eye and ear in the Medical College of Indiana from 1874 to 1889, when he resigned and his son was elected to succeed him. Later he was made emeritus professor, and, on the death of his son, he resumed work at the college clinic for the rest of the school year, not from any thought of benefit to himself, but as a duty to the poor patients and to the institution.

The Marion County Medical Society elected him president in 1883. Doctor Thompson represented Indiana on the nominating committee of the American Medical Association in 1893, when Doctor Hibberd, of Richmond, was made president, his influence no doubt having much to do with bringing this honor to Indiana and to his worthy friend. One of his greatest honors came in 1892, when he was

unanimously chosen chairman of the eye section of the American Medical Association. This was but one evidence of the esteem and admiration entertained toward him by the most noted men in his line all over the country. Indeed that esteem was not limited to this country as shown by his honors from the British Medical Association and by the words of the great French teacher of ophthalmology, Landolt, to one of Doctor Thompson's younger colleagues and friends, "Give my love to Doctor Thompson." Great as it is to receive such honors and esteem, how much greater to be worthy of them! And who is more worthy than this man of skill and high attainments, of loyalty to truth and deep consideration for the welfare of his patients—this bright, towering mountain peak among the heights and lights of a great and beneficent profession!

Doctor Thompson became a member of the Indianapolis Literary Club in 1878 and was thus brought into close contact with such minds as Fishback, Harrison, Gresham and Myron Reed, not to mention many others of similar type and standing, who are still living and more or less active in the club. To live in the atmosphere of pure, ennobling thoughts of the good and great is conducive to the highest and best development of all that is good in man. There is no doubt that the club was a large factor in his intellectual life, and he showed his appreciation by his regular attendance and frequent participation in the meetings. He loved the clash of mind with mind, the keen thrusts, ready retorts, flashes of wit, touches of humor as well as the more serious contributions to knowledge or logical arguments on disputed questions. Like every good clubman he was too sensible to resent any blunt expressions of thought antagonistic to his own posi-

tion and could readily join in a laugh, even at his own expense. As a wit he could hold his own with the best and he was an ideal toastmaster and one of the acknowledged wits of the club for years. Many discussions were enlivened by his short and pungent sallies. At banquets no member found more delight than he—the scintillating hits and funny repartee of the banquet held January 20, 1913, and especially the shot at the doctors, he enjoyed as much as the younger members, for his heart was still young and his mind retained much of the fire and fun of youth.

But Doctor Thompson was more than a wit—he was a great student and came to be recognized in the club as an authority, not only in his own specialty, but also on Grecian mythology and American history, two subjects in which he took the deepest interest. It was a pleasure to refer to him for solution any difficulties in understanding the meaning of mythological, classical or historical allusions, so prompt, accurate and satisfactory were his replies. He could usually answer them off-hand; on exceptional occasions, when he could not at once give a complete answer, he would take time to look up the matter, and send an explanatory letter a little later. He probably read more papers than any other member of the club, and it is safe to say that no member read better ones, at least any that averaged better or contributed more to the enlightenment of the members. It is, indeed, a remarkable group of essays, the earlier ones principally on Grecian mythology, with a few on English and Roman history and miscellaneous subjects, those of the latter half of his club life being chiefly on American history, emphasizing his intense loyalty to America and forming a series of exhaustive, illuminating and able

contributions to the history of our country. They ought to be published and have a wide circulation, their accuracy and thoroughness fitting them admirably for classroom work or for all lovers of history. No member of the club could soon forget his comparison of Jefferson and Jackson, to the advantage of the former, his admirable portrayal of Sam Adams, the "Man of the Town Meeting," or his setting us right on the facts connected with the forming of the federal constitution, especially the fact that Madison, and not Hamilton, was the real "Father of the Constitution," although the latter was the great advocate of its adoption and its greatest exponent and defender.

The club showed its appreciation of Doctor Thompson by making him its president in 1893—an honor properly given only to those winning their spurs by able participation in the proceedings as well as by a good record for attendance over a considerable number of years. He stands forth as one of the great presidents and one of the great members of a great club. How beautifully and fittingly the club's sole surviving charter member, John H. Holliday, at the third-of-a-century banquet, pointed out the great things it has accomplished; cherishing the literary idea, cultivating the ideal, enlarging our standards, engendering and enhancing friendships, creating a bond of comradeship, nourishing a saving sense of humor, defining our limitations, standing for good things, giving pleasure and joy, stirring ambition, enlarging our vision and making us more useful citizens if not better men. No man appreciated all this any more, nor contributed more to make it all true than Doctor Thompson.

Horace Walpole said he never heard Lord Chatham speak without feeling that there was something

finer in the man than anything he said. After all, what we most admired and loved in Doctor Thompson was not his eminence in ophthalmology or profound knowledge of history and mythology; it was his manhood, his high ideals, his sense of honor, his justice, his kindness, his intense loyalty to his friends. He who enjoys the friendship of such men, whatever his financial condition, might well say with Timon of Athens: "I am wealthy in my friends."

A man's best friends are, or should be, those of his own household. The home life of Doctor Thompson was very happy, marred only by the loss of wife and son. His devotion to his faithful and sunny-natured wife and her care of him, though without ostentation, were very touching, as noted when they were in attendance together at the meetings of the American Medical Association. That his grief at losing her in 1898 should be great is to be expected from our knowledge of his affectionate nature. Happily, his daughter, Mrs. John H. Oliver, took her mother's place as well as any one possibly could, and especially in his later years was a great comfort to him and helped relieve the burden of his sufferings from physical infirmities—for he was a great, though patient sufferer, how great only his closest friends could begin to realize.

His second great sorrow came in 1904, when his handsome, manly and accomplished son and professional associate, Dr. Daniel A. Thompson, was called from earth to a work God must have had for him in another, better and larger field of usefulness. The affection between this father and son was almost without a parallel—upon meeting his father in the morning the first thing this strong, sunny and affectionate young man did was to throw his arms about his father's neck and kiss him. To lose such

a son would break the stoutest heart! The year following this bereavement Doctor Thompson fell from a street car, fracturing his hip; the injury was very painful and serious. He was confined to bed for a long time and never fully recovered, although he was able to get about and do much work.

And yet our friend, in spite of great sorrows and physical sufferings, had compensations that few men have; a happy home with his devoted daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren; warm friendship among professional, club and Loyal Legion associates; all the luxuries of life, a fine library, especially in the lines that interested him most, an active mind and undiminished interest in professional and literary studies and club meetings; appreciation of grateful patients, the ability to grow old, like the philosopher, learning many things, and an abiding and sustaining faith in Him who said: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." Indeed he used this very quotation in replying to a discussant who found nothing about immortality of the soul in the gospels.

Doctor Thompson was a member of the Meridian street Methodist Episcopal church. His faith was strong but rational. He was wont to say it was a pity people had not more generally looked upon the Bible as partly history, partly poetry, prophecy, and so on, instead of considering it all as verbally inspired, infallible in all things and equally authoritative in all its parts. Doubtless he would have agreed with the poet: "I claim the right of knowing whom I serve, else is my service idle; he that asks my homage asks it from a reasoning soul."

But the Bible was to him a wonderful book, wonderful in its literature, its philosophy, its unerring

moral and spiritual teaching, and Jesus Christ was his Master and Savior. His creed was of the heart even more than of the head—he practiced more than he preached the principles of Christianity; the Golden Rule was the standard of his life; he lived his religion, giving the cup of cold water, visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, keeping himself unspotted from the world, and showing in his life “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are of good report.” And so he grew old gracefully and was at last transferred from the rude embrace of the bolsterous elements to arms that received him tenderly—and we were left the poorer, ah, how much poorer for the loss!

“Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply, doing good.
So calm and constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on
earth.”

THE INDIANAPOLIS MEDICAL SOCIETY MEMORIAL MEETING FOR DOCTOR THOMPSON

There was a called meeting of the society for the evening of March 6th, 8:00 p. m., in the library of the Indiana Medical College. The president, Dr. John A. Pfaff, stated that Doctor Thompson had been for over forty years a member of the society and its president in 1882. And now his name should appear upon the marble scroll following that of his beloved son, who had succeeded his father in the department of ophthalmology at the Bobbs Dispensary eye clinics of the college. Doctor Pfaff thought it fitting that his brother surgeon in the civil war, and his dearest medical friend, Dr. Green V. Woollen, should be called to the chair, which was done.

Doctor Woollen, speaking under great emotion, stated that medical men do not well when they try to persuade themselves that the soul is not immortal. Doctor Thompson has gone from us but he still lives in our hearts and memories. Doctor Thompson was sincere; he would not say a word about a brother physician to any one that he could not have said in his presence. He was a great student, a wide reader and a dear friend.

Dr. W. N. Wishard brought a message from his father, W. H. Wishard, now in his ninety-seventh year, expressing his love for Doctor Thompson and his regret that he was gone from us. Doctor Wishard stated that Doctor Thompson had made himself a permanent place in all the departments of life he had touched; the army hospitals, in civic life, in studies, in family relations, as an educator and an

oculist of renown. He was capable in his profession, and just in his dealings with his fellow physicians.

Dr. Frederick Heath had been very intimate with Doctor Thompson in social and professional life. His reputation was international. He had read, by invitation, before the British Medical Association. He saw life clearly, and he saw it whole.

Dr. A. W. Brayton spoke of Doctor Thompson as soldier, teacher, student, literary man and beautiful in his home life. Wherever there was high purpose, good to be done, friendship to be shown, he could be depended on. And he had been eyes to many of our profession who otherwise would have been in darkness and sorrow.

Dr. Fletcher Hodges emphasized Doctor Thompson's reverence, his wealth of reminiscence, his courtesy and his essential piety.

Dr. Albert E. Sterne stated that we wait too long to express our appreciation of those we esteem and love. How much more beautiful if we honored them by a united and concerted expression while they are still with us. It would be a tender and beautiful thing for them to remember as they pass through their declining years.

Dr. A. C. Kimberlin spoke of Doctor Thompson's method as a teacher and a practitioner. And when you met him he had something to say to you which made you think.

Dr. Hugo O. Pantzer was impressed by the intensity of Doctor Thompson's nature. Life was no holiday to this strenuous spirit. He had what Goethe called the "heavenly earnestness." He was notably gifted in using collateral subjects in his teachings. He was a man foremost in medicine by virtue not only of these natural gifts, but also by virtue of his close and conscientious application.

Dr. Theodore Potter, who had been the physician of Doctor Thompson and his family for many years, and was his constant visitor through the brief week that he kept his bed, gave a beautiful summary in well selected words, of the life and influence of Doctor Thompson, whom he regarded as one of the great men in Indiana medicine. His was a remarkable career—a leading soldier and citizen, a foremost medical man, a self-made man, a distinct professional and business success; a man with a broad knowledge, a great surgical skill and well-ripened judgment. And with it all was the genial touch of humor, the attic sense and balance, and yet a career tinged with sentiment and emotion, and in many ways romantic. He had great courage and persisted in his work up, almost, to the time of his death, in spite of the pain of a fractured femur of several years before, and other weaknesses of declining years. But he made no complaint; he waited patiently and manfully for his release.

A little incident in his last illness illustrated his character. He had suffered much and long, and when stricken by pneumonia knew its probable import. He was tired and willing to go, and was therefore somewhat indifferent, even good-naturedly rebellious, to disturbing ministrations. Distressed by this indifference his ever faithful daughter, Mrs. Oliver, said to me: "You speak to him, Doctor, he will listen to you." So I spoke to him alone in substance thus: "Doctor, we all know you are very sick, but we must do all we can for you; we can not now nor ever feel satisfied if we do not." He saw the point and with a wave of the hand he stopped me. "Yes, yes, Doctor, yes, yes," he said. And from that moment his daughter, Doctor Oliver, Doctor Woollen and I were free to do whatever we thought best. The ap-

peal to his professional recognition of our duty had met with instant response.

Dr. John M. Kitchen, a graduate of 1846, and for over sixty years a resident and practitioner of Indianapolis, sent his condolence and his appreciation of Doctor Thompson by word of his cousin, Dr. W. B. Kitchen, in brief and fitting words of esteem and affection.

There were other tokens of appreciation by members. A committee was appointed by the chair to prepare a memorial for the society, which consisted of Drs. F. C. Heath, G. V. Woollen, W. N. Wishard and Theodore Potter, with Dr. A. W. Brayton as chairman. The committee reported the following resolutions:

"The life and work of Dr. James Livingstone Thompson is known to all. It is an open book. He was great in all the relations of life; as a soldier, as citizen, as Christian, as husband and father, as the loved physician—the good man skilled in healing. He was the leading teacher and practitioner in his field of medicine, the first ophthalmologist in our state, and one of the leaders in his specialty in the United States. To his remaining family, his daughter, Mrs. John H. Oliver, to his sister and to his grandchildren, and to all who have come within the sphere of his care, his science and his affection, this society, which loves and honors his memory, tenders its sympathy in their bereavement."

The resolutions were ordered to be preserved in the records of the society, and copies sent to the family and the medical journals. The secretary, Dr. A. E. Guedel, was instructed to send a suitable floral emblem to the family from the society. The society then adjourned.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

**Headquarters of the Commandery of the State of
Indiana.**

**In memoriam of companion Dr. James Livingstone
Thompson. Born in London, England, October 5,
1832. Died in Indianapolis, Indiana, March 5, 1913.
To the Indiana Commandery of the Military Order of
the Loyal Legion;**

**We, the undersigned, a committee appointed by the
commander to prepare a suitable memorial upon the
life and character of our deceased companion, Dr.
James Livingstone Thompson, respectfully report the
following memorial:**

**Death is not a welcome visitor when dear ones are
taken, though it was not dreaded by our friend and
companion, Dr. James Livingstone Thompson, who
departed this life March 5, 1913, full of years, honor,
friendships and the love of all of those who knew
him.**

**He was born in London, England, October 5, 1832,
but came to this country early in life, and became an
unusually loyal American, identifying himself with
its institutions and characteristics with an intensity
not often manifested by adopted citizens.**

**He first settled in the west, and began the study
of medicine in St. Paul, Minn.; subsequently he fur-
ther prosecuted his studies in medicine in Chicago,
graduating from Rush Medical College in 1860. Soon
after he located in Shelby county, Ind., whence he
entered the army as assistant surgeon of the Fourth
United States Artillery, colored, and continued in**

that position from May, 1863, to February, 1864, when he was promoted to major and surgeon, and surgeon of the post, Columbia, Ky., and medical director of western Kentucky, and in that position continued until October, 1865, when he resigned. He always referred to his army experience with evident pride and satisfaction that he had been thus enabled to serve his country when it needed loyalty and devotion.

He then located at Harrison, Ohio, engaging in the general practice of medicine and surgery, where he continued two years; subsequently going to Cincinnati, Ohio, where for a year he prosecuted the study of diseases of the eye as an assistant to Dr. Elkanah Williams, famous as an oculist. In 1871 he removed to Indianapolis, where he devoted the remainder of a long life to his specialty. Doctor Thompson's profound study of his specialty, great skill in operating, which he did with both hands with equal dexterity, his tact and knowledge of human nature, secured for him a remarkable success professionally, socially and financially, although he never charged exorbitant fees, and often refunded to those whom he afterward learned he had charged more than they could easily afford to pay. He was honored at home and abroad by being elected to places of honorable distinction, among others having been invited in 1894 to read a paper before the British Medical Association.

Years ago when the battleship Indiana was to be equipped, Doctor Thompson contributed largely to the supplying of the silver plate service, thus identifying himself cheerfully and loyally with his adopted state and country, as well as giving expression to his appreciation of the government's purpose to establish a strong navy.

He was a great student of American history and never ceased to condemn those who criticised and embarrassed General Washington and likewise President Lincoln. His reading was wide and varied, and his memory great and exact, so that he was listened to with interest whether in personal conversation, making a public address or reading literary or professional papers. His knowledge of the meaning of words, to which he gave great attention, was such that he said what he desired and was easily understood. He was over thirty years a member of the Indianapolis Literary Club, where he took high rank among the scholarly men of the city, and was known especially as an authority in mythological lore and American history.

His character was pure and singularly free from faults. Those who knew him for nearly half a century never heard him use vulgar language or tell a tainted story. He was an unobtrusive Christian gentleman, a profound student of the Scriptures, quoting them freely to sustain opinions on the great questions of this life and eternity, frequently giving the Golden Rule and Micah, sixth chapter, eighth verse, "what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," as the great rules of a correct life. He had an abiding faith in God, his Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ as his hope of eternal salvation, and, resting quietly in this faith he talked of his departure with a serenity undisturbed even to his last breath as one going to a gentle sleep. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, but on account of his bodily ailments was kept away in his later years.

His life, however, was not all gentle sailing. He passed through ordeals that try men's greatest courage and endurance, suffering both physical torture

and mental anguish. Brave and patient except at times when endurance was exhausted, he was known to beg for the release of death. First, the loss of a most faithful and devoted wife, who was taken after a long and most distressing illness; then the sudden death in 1904 of his brilliant son, Dr. Daniel A. Thompson, between whom and himself there was an ardent affection, and who had been specially prepared to become his successor, together with agonizing bodily afflictions following one another until it seemed nothing worse could follow. That he should have braved all of this with so little protest seems now to us, who witnessed it, as marvelous.

He departed this life leaving a most devoted daughter, Emma Louise, and her husband, Dr. John H. Oliver, who mutually excelled in painstaking sympathetic care in making his later days as happy as devoted love and affection could guarantee, together with four interesting grandchildren, for whom he cared with a tenderness of a father's love.

Doctor Thompson was elected member of the Commandery February 14, 1889. His Insignia was No. 6826.

Fraternally submitted,

G. V. WOOLLEN, M. D.

MAJOR W. J. RICHARDS,

G. W. H. KEMPER, M. D.

Committee.

By order of

CHARLES L. WILSON, M. D.,

Commander.

A. M. SCOTT,

Recorder.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF DOCTOR THOMPSON

The funeral services of Doctor James Livingstone Thompson were conducted at the home by the Rev. Joshua Stansfield, pastor of Meridian Street Methodist Episcopal church, of which Doctor Thompson was a member. The Scripture readings were from the ninety-first and twenty-third Psalms, and also from the fourteenth chapter of John. Passages were also read from First Thessalonians, First Corinthians and Revelations. The pastor said in part:

We gather today to take part in a Christian burial service, and most properly we read from the Holy Scriptures, the word of God. The Bible is the Book of life and through it, by Jesus Christ, life and immortality are brought to light. Life alone can interpret its meaning.

We are at a Christian burial service, and we therefore speak more of life rather than of death, for in the Divine Revelation, death is not the last word, but life: Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me; in my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live again. Because I live, ye shall live also. We believe that as Christ died and arose again from the dead even so them that sleep in Him will God bring with Him. Doctor Thompson lived and died a Christian. As a child he

was born and reared in the Christian faith, a faith that was most sacred and made precious to him by the sanctities of a home life.

Doctor Thompson was natively well endowed; and to be well born is one of the greatest blessings of life. Circumstances do not make men, they manifest men; and the varied circumstances of Doctor Thompson's career disclosed the high and noble qualities of his life. And when native endowment and an inherited faith are enriched by a personal experience of the saving grace of God, then life is rich indeed—rich in faith, hope and power.

By a liberal education, Doctor Thompson's native ability came to its best; by culturing grace, his moral qualities became rich and strong; and by widening opportunities in time of the nation's peril, and in his noble profession in this city for forty years, his life became helpful to the extent of an ever widening benediction.

Doctor Thompson was a man of sincere faith and high ideals, of wide culture, noble enthusiasm in his profession; reticent, refined; a charming gentleman, a scholar, a Christian. Those of us who knew him best, loved him for what he was and what he did. The key to Doctor Thompson's character was his deep and abiding faith in the elemental and eternal things of religion and of life—God, truth, virtue, righteousness, immortality. For such a life there is but one outcome. Doctor Thompson has gone to be with God. The argument for immortality as known in the intuitions, aspirations, yearnings, longings and hopes is a consciousness rather than a dogma, and Doctor Thompson, our friend, knew it, and so, while today we may sorrow, we sorrow not as those who have no hope. We believe that goodness is imperishable. It is of God and returns to God. It is said of Jesus

that it was not possible that he should be holden of death. So, too, and always, the best of life is imperishable. It goes forward to the larger realization and expression of itself. Goodness is of God and abides; so, too, with all best qualities of human life. Goodness, mercy, wisdom, justice, truth and love, we speak of in God as eternal qualities, and are they not also such in man? Our moral intuitions, our deepest faith, our truest hope, all say they are, and Christ our Lord confirms this, in the words—If it were not so I would have told you. He that believeth in Me shall never die. Even though he were dead yet shall he live again. Because I live, ye shall live also.

And now we shall take the earthly remains of our brother and friend, the sweetness of whose life is symbolized by the flowers about his casket, and shall lay them away, in sure and certain belief that the dead in Christ shall live again.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE OPERATION FOR CATARACT*

J. L. THOMPSON, M. D., INDIANAPOLIS

As so much is being written on the extraction of the lens in its capsule by those who number their operations by thousands, as do some operators in India, a few words may not be out of place by one who belongs to the large majority of operators in this country who can not truthfully report forty cases in one year. I shall mention, therefore, some of the dangers which have beset my path, not in the more difficult operation above mentioned, but in the methods of extraction as usually made.

After practicing medicine and surgery in private, and as surgeon in the army for nearly three years during the civil war, I studied eye diseases under Dr. Elkanah Williams, of Cincinnati, in 1867, and entered his office later as his assistant. Doctor Williams, according to the late Dr. Samuel D. Gross, of Philadelphia, was the first regular physician in the United States to make eye diseases a specialty. Others treated eyes long before his day, but they practiced medicine and surgery also. While with Doctor Williams I took the names and records of every patient on whom he operated for cataract (and have them

*Read in the Section on Ophthalmology of the American Medical Association, at the Sixty-first Annual Session, held at St. Louis, June, 1910.

(The above is the last paper read by Doctor Thompson before the Section on Ophthalmology. He wrote a paper on Uveitis for the Minneapolis Meeting of June, 1913, and forwarded it to the Secretary of the Section, Dr. A. E. Bulson, but because of his failing health withdrew the paper and did not attend the meeting.)

—A. W. B.

still) and they number but fifty-two in one year. His patients were very numerous; they came from our northern lake region to the Gulf of Mexico; from near Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains. And it should be remembered that eye specialists were comparatively few in those days; now they are almost as numerous as laparotomists.

When in 1871 I located in Indianapolis there was but one regular practitioner who did much eye work, but he did not confine his practice thereto; nor did I know of another in the state. Now I know of no town in the state with a population of fifteen thousand that has not two or more specialists on eye, ear, nose and throat. From these figures how many do you suppose extract fifteen cataracts in one year? Would such men dare to extract the lens in its capsule?

The late Dr. George C. Harlan, of Philadelphia, tersely described the necessary qualifications of an eye surgeon as follows: "He must have good vision, a steady hand, coolness and judgment in difficulties and a full appreciation of his responsibilities." Other eminent men have added that he should cultivate ambidexterity, and by all means practice medicine and surgery for several years; then study under a master in eye work before beginning this highly important specialty.

Senile cataract (as the name implies) usually occurs in elderly persons; hence the importance of a very careful investigation as to the general physical condition of the patient before operation. Thirty-three years ago I operated on a farmer whose health seemed to be excellent, and he so reported it. The combined extraction was made; the man did well; on the twelfth day he could read ordinary print with a plus glass; but on the fourteenth day he had a se-

vere chill, followed by a high fever with vomiting; this continued for some days and started an inflammation of the uveal tract, which caused the loss of his eye. Unfortunately he had failed to inform me that he had suffered from malarial fever the previous autumn. Three years later the lens of his remaining eye was ripe, when I made a preliminary iridectomy, and extracted it two months later, but before doing so satisfied myself that he was in no danger from malarial poison. The man is now past his eightieth year and can see to read very nicely.

I encountered a like case a few years after. A woman not 50 years old was brought to me by a physician from a neighboring town for operation. He reported her health as being the best. Her eye was examined in every way and found to be in favorable condition for operation. The extraction was done and the woman did well until the seventh day; then, when I called to dress the eye, she was raving, had torn the bandage off, and declared that the woman who kept the boarding house was trying to poison her. She grasped my wrists and said that she would not release me until I took her from the house. With the help of a physician she was taken to a hospital, where she died in a few days from typhoid fever. I learned soon afterward that before she came she had been nursing her husband through a very severe illness from the same disease, and that she had made him promise that as soon as he was better he would have her cataract removed.

One other patient I must mention. A farmer, over 70, was operated on and did well until the tenth day, when he complained of a severe pain in the calf of his leg on the opposite side to the diseased eye; in a few days the limb became cold, gangrene soon came on and the leg was amputated. When the surgeon

removed the tourniquet no arteries required ligation, as they were calcareous. The man died in a few weeks. Some of his friends said that the operation for cataract caused the trouble in the leg. Others said "No," as it was on the opposite side. These cases show the importance of a thorough physical examination before cataract extraction.

I have had very poor ultimate results in patients addicted to the use of whiskey ten or more times a day for years. The operation may be faultless and the sight very good for a short time, but congestions and subacute inflammations hang on so long that vision is much impaired and often lost.

Women who suffer much for years after the menopause with flushed faces and eyes are not good subjects for cataract extraction. One of these is now under my care. She was operated on by the combined method two months ago, went home able to read, and was given my usual instruction to be very careful in no way to expose the eye for four weeks. When she reached home she found her husband very ill with appendicitis, from which he died. She was up with him night and day for ten days, getting but little sleep. I saw her one month afterward with vision only 6-CC. I used the fluidextract of ergot internally, and her vision, she reports, is much better. Ergot has accomplished much in several of these patients.

In 1895 a retired capitalist from a distant city, who was blind in both eyes, was operated on—simple extraction. He did well and was ready and dressed for the train when he fell to the floor of the hospital and was unconscious for a short time; he was taken home on the following day and died shortly afterward. A dear old lady, aged 70 years and blind in both eyes, had a similar result after a simple ex-

traction. When her husband and daughter came to take her home I put a glass on her to show the family that she could read; they were delighted, but their joy was soon turned to mourning. She was about to step into the carriage, fell to the pavement and was taken back to the hospital, where she died in one hour.

These cases depress one very much, and it is impossible to convince the friends and relatives that the operation was not the cause of death. I recall two simple cataract extractions in large fleshy women, both of whom had profuse retinal hemorrhage after faultless operations, and after the bandages were applied, and the patients were in bed; of course the eyes were lost.

I can not conceive of anything which makes the operator feel worse than do these unlooked for results which so injure his reputation.

Three of my patients became maniacal in from two to five days after the extraction; they tore the bandages from their eyes and raised quite a disturbance; two of these were women, one a vivacious Irishman; I looked for bad results, but they did well. Some patients have been troubled with illusions and hallucinations. One of these was the wife of a poor physician in a small town, well educated and very fond of books; she had been blind for several years and had led a lonely life. I made a simple extraction on one eye, which gave her excellent vision. Some time after she returned home and found that she could read fine print; she was so happy that it slightly unbalanced her mind. She then sent to inquire of me if I ever prescribed glasses which enabled my patients to see their friends in the spirit world, as she did. What a gift this would be!

Others I have treated have returned home in two

or three weeks delighted with their improved vision, but a few weeks later letters have been received concerning their failing sight, and when they came to me later I have found inflammation of the chorioid which, in spite of all treatment, has ended in blindness. Others have not only lost the eye from which the cataract was removed, but also the second eye from sympathetic iridochorioiditis.

Glaucoma is another dread monster which has occasionally attacked my patients years after a successful extraction resulting in good reading vision. I now have a patient, a woman, aged nearly 70, from whose left eye I made a simple extraction seven years ago, and did the same on the right eye nearly four years after. She had very white hair and light, soft blue eyes, the pupils were so round and natural that no one could see that an operation had been made. I felt very much pleased with the result, as did the patient. Recently she came to see me when I found the right eye very hard and the vision reduced to 10-CC. Myotics failed to reduce the tension and, to my great regret, an iridectomy had to be made. The eye is now better, vision is 16-C, but as to the ultimate result time alone can tell. Other patients have had hyalitis with dense floating bodies in the vitreous, some have suffered from chorioidal and retinal exudates and hemorrhages many years after ideal extractions. All operators long engaged in this work must have had many like results.

For ten or more years I operated on both eyes if everything was favorable and the patient desired it. One of these patients was a farmer, aged nearly 88, tall, wiry-looking, straight as an arrow, who was a soldier in the war of 1812. His eyes were in the best of condition for operation. I extracted both lenses with iridectomy. It was before the days of

cocaine; he did not squeeze his eyes or move a muscle during the operation, nor did he have one bad symptom in either eye. He remained at his daughter's home in the city for five weeks, when he returned home, fitted with glasses and able to read small type, which he continued to do until a few weeks before his death, which took place at the age of 106 years and three months. When I learned that one of the best operators in the land had lost both eyes of a patient from a double cataract extraction, I received such a shock that I immediately ceased to operate on both eyes at one sitting; yet, strange to say, in these eleven patients which I recall (doubtless there are more on my books) I did not have a bad result, in one of these twenty-two eyes, in which the vision equaled from 20-L to 20xx in one case. When I think of this unwise proceeding I almost tremble. Surely "the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb."

For a few years I operated on one eye if ripe, but only partially so in the other; I do so no more, but refuse to operate on one eye when the patient can read with the other.

I found preliminary iridectomy to be the safest of all methods in the treatment of cataract. With it I have saved many eyes which would most certainly have been lost had I attempted extraction; especially is this the case when the vitreous is fluid as water. In some of these I have couched the lens subsequently. One was as follows: A frail little woman, past the forty-fifth year, suffered from trachoma in early childhood; she had been cured, but had lamellar cataract in both eyes; she was able to read for years when the back was to the light, but when I saw her the periphery of each lens was opaque. I made a small iridectomy in one eye when some fluid vitreous trickled out. In a few weeks I couched the lens, and

did the same in the other eye some months later. She was able to read with either or both eyes for years, but I learned that she had to be operated on later for trichiasis by an esteemed member of this society who resided near her in a distant city. She called to see me after a few years, when I saw the lenses floating in the vitreous humor as in water. In several cases patients have consulted me who had lost one eye from an operation made by able men in distant states. A small iridectomy was made when a rush of very fluid vitreous escaped. On the fourth day the chamber was clear and revealed a shrunken lens with a narrow artificial pupil above, which enabled the individual to go about the streets and discern large letters; I did not touch the lens afterward, but "left well enough alone."

We all know that a simple iridectomy, when properly made, rarely gives any trouble, but an iridectomy combined with the extraction of the lens is a very different matter, as the iris is then the main factor in inflammations and often causes the loss of the eye. With the iris healed and no synechia the subsequent extraction is nearly always successful. It is my firm belief that if a preliminary iridectomy is made and followed in two months or more by the extraction of the lens our losses would not exceed 1 per cent.

The extraction of cataract-in-the-capsule is the most difficult and dangerous of all methods. I have done the operation on two patients (both of whom were preachers), but it was not intentional. In both of these a large corneal flap was made for a simple extraction. In one the lens presented immediately after the corneal section, fell out and rolled on the floor, the iris was replaced and the patient recovered without one untoward symptom. The second

case only differed from the first in the turning of the lens on its axis and requiring a little assistance in its delivery. In this one, when I saw the unduly gaping wound, I feared a loss of the contents of the eyeball, but not a particle of vitreous presented; the iris was replaced and a beautiful round pupil remained. Both of these men had good vision for years. Here, again, there is a great difference between delivering the lens in its capsule, when from unknown causes it has become loosened from its supports, and our efforts to break up these attachments.

No one should attempt this most difficult operation short of placing himself under a master who has become skilful after thousands of operations. If we cannot do this, we should by all means refer patients who desire this method of operation to these experts. I flatter myself that I have had the usual percentage of success in cataract extraction, as heretofore practiced by the majority of ophthalmologists. But I could not be induced to make this operation short of a thorough training at the hands of those who have operated successfully on thousands of eyes. If the average man in the beginning attempts it he will soon discover that he not only ruins many eyes, but does himself great injury. How many of us would like to have this operation done on ourselves?

When I first commenced eye surgery I made the mistake of opening the speculum too wide and lost vitreous in a few cases by so doing. One cannot be too careful in selecting this instrument. It should be light, well curved, the spring not too strong, and one which can be quickly removed. I commenced with the Graefe right and left, but I have since found the one used by Dr. H. Knapp far better. For years I used the Graefe narrow, straight cataract knife, but fifteen years ago I had special knives made, some

with ivory and others with metallic handles. Knife 1, being convex on the edge, passes across the chamber and makes the corneal section easily and smoothly. It can be kept in order by the operator and retains its edge longer than does the very narrow straight knife, and, lastly, there is no danger of passing into the chamber the wrong way. Knife 2 has a concave edge and rounded back near its point, and I have found it very useful in preliminary iridectomies when no anterior chamber exists; one can then make the section with it just as narrow as he wishes. It is also useful in very severe glaucoma with no anterior chamber, widely dilated pupil and exceedingly narrow ring of iris. It can be worked across the chamber by passing its rounded back against the iris, thereby avoiding transfixing the iris or wounding the lens capsule as we are liable to do with the angular keratome.

Dr. Thompson said in the discussion of his paper and the paper of Doctor Savage, of Nashville, Tenn., on "Cataract-in-the-Capsule Extraction by a New Method":

After my paper had gone to the printer, Doctor Greene, of Dayton, Ohio, kindly invited me to witness the Smith-Indian operation on several patients. He also showed me a large number of old soldiers at the National Soldiers' Home, and several private patients, on whom he had made this operation, from one week ago to many months previously. In them I found pupils clear, no threads of capsule, no synechia, and with an acuity of vision equal to 20/xx in many of them. His corneal incision was made with one sweep of the knife, which is shaped like the one which is described in my paper as No.

2, except that his blade is one-fourth of an inch longer, which is necessary when one makes the section entirely in the cornea with but one sweep, if one needs no conjunctival flap.

This is certainly the ideal operation, but should be made only by those who have been thoroughly drilled and have operated in a country where cataract patients are very numerous and operators few. I have operated on many hundreds of cataracts successfully, but shall not attempt this method. Had I known of it before I sustained a fracture of the neck of the femur some years ago, I would have sought an introduction to Major Smith, visited India, and placed myself under his instruction; but as this is now out of the question, I shall, as I have already commenced doing, send my patients who have immature, nuclear cataract to those who have taken such instruction and have operated in India under the eye of its originator.

Doctor Savage's "cataract-in-capsule extraction by a new means and a new method," to me, is the most complicated and dangerous of all the methods of extraction, except at the hands of the very able originator. It requires two skilled assistants, and a "detacher," which is manipulated inside, instead of outside the cornea as is the Smith method. But it is comparatively an untried operation. Dr. Savage reports only thirty-eight cases by four operators in eight months. Major Smith reports over 2,000 in six weeks, and 20,000 already made.

"On pigs' eyes," says Doctor Savage, "my operation will not suffer in comparison with the Smith-Indian operation or with any other operation." It is not pigs' eyes, however, and especially dead pigs' eyes, that we are discussing. Dead pigs tell no tales. I have operated on eyes taken from pigs, and sheep,

and on many human eyes, very soon after enucleating them; but have derived very little benefit therefrom. The pigs should be live pigs in order that the ultimate result may be followed up. Again must I emphasize the advantages of preliminary iridectomy. It tells us all about the behavior of our patient, and we have no hemorrhage in the anterior chamber to obscure our view. With the iris healed, we can operate with greater confidence of success. We should urge the advantage to be gained by preliminary iridectomy as strongly as did Moses the teaching of the law.

GLEANINGS FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

FROM THE END OF THE REVOLUTION TO WASHINGTON'S
INAUGURATION, 1783-1789.

The Revolutionary War had closed, the independence of the United States had been accomplished. Payne had ceased to publish the *Crisis*, with the declaration "that the days which tried men's souls had passed." But on the contrary they had just begun.

For nine years the states had had a common cause against a common enemy, and had worked moderately well together through the guidance of the Continental Congress, which did much in carrying to a final conclusion a separation from England, but it did not meet with that hearty co-operation of the states which it should have received. Had Washington been given the generous aid in men and supplies which the states could have rendered, he would not have been forced to adopt the Fabian tactics to the extent which he did, but would have conquered in a much shorter period. But one is very safe in saying that few commanders could have accomplished what he did with the means furnished him. Had a more impulsive leader occupied his position defeat must have been the inevitable result, and though, sooner or later, the independence of the states was bound to come, it would have been put off for at least another generation.

But the work was done and the most of the governments of Europe vied with each other in welcoming the new republic to its place among the powers of the world. The King of Sweden was the first to

send messages of his desire, through Franklin above all others, to enter into a treaty with the United States. Other nations soon followed in opening their ports. The liberal-minded of all Europe were overjoyed with hope for the effects of the new birth upon the despotisms of the older states.

But, while all this rejoicing was going on in other countries, discontent and grumbling took place here. When the people fully realized the amount required to pay the poorly clad patriot army which had given up home and all for the cause, deep mutterings were heard on every side. Does the game pay for the candle? men asked of each other. The army camped at Newburgh sent a committee composed of General McDougal and Colonels Ogden and Brooks with a prayer to Congress assembled in Philadelphia, stating their grievances and distress. Shadows, they said, had been given them—while others had gotten the substance. Citizens had grumbled at the greatness of their taxes, while no part of it had reached the army. Their property was expended and their private resources at an end. They begged for a small amount of money to enable them to reach their homes. Washington presented their rightful claims with a warmth and energy which never elsewhere appear in his letters to Congress, and his words gained intenser power from his disinterestedness.

To a committee on which were Bland and Hamilton, he enforced by every consideration of gratitude, justice, honor and national pride, the natural expectation of the army that before disbanding they should receive pay for at least one month in hand, with an absolute assurance in a short time of pay of two months more. "The soldier," he continued, "is willing to risk the hard-earned remainder due him for four, five or perhaps six years upon the same

basis of security with the general mass of public creditors." "The expectations of the army," answered Hamilton, "are moderation itself." To this appeal a deaf ear was turned. When they were disbanded, some months later, they were given three months pay in paper, the market value of which was less than ten cents on the dollar.

On the same day that Sir Guy Carleton departed from New York with the last remnant of the British army, Washington occupied it with the army of the States. Nine days later, on the 4th of December, 1783, he bid adieu to his officers in the great room of Fraunces tavern. Filling a glass from a decanter which stood on the table, he raised it with a trembling hand and said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you, and most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then drank to them and after a pause said, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will each come and shake me by the hand." General Knox first came forward and Washington embraced him. The other officers, one by one approached and silently took their leave. Through a double line of infantry drawn up at a present arms, Washington, with his officers following, walked to a barge in waiting at White Hall ferry to carry him across to Paulus Hook. Strong men shed tears at parting with their illustrious commander who had taken them through so many sad, as well as glorious, events. You are, of course, familiar with his triumphant journey through the country to the place of meeting of the Continental Congress, where he gave up his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the army into the hands of the presiding officer, and the prophetic words of that

functionary: "I thank you," said he to Washington, "in the name of the people of the United States for the patriotism with which you have responded to the call of your country, and the ability with which you have defended her invaded rights. You retire from the theater of action with the blessings of your fellow citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate the remotest ages."

We must now leave Washington for a season at his beautiful estate, Mount Vernon, while we follow the states as they fall apart and drift toward anarchy.

Congress was becoming less and less respected every day; not only was it unable to raise money to pay the public debt or to meet the current expenses of the government, but it was unable to carry out the provisions of the treaty with Great Britain. The Commissioners of the United States had succeeded in making a treaty on exceedingly favorable terms with that country. The most considerable of these concessions was the acknowledgment of the American claim to the Northwestern Territory. For this, the Ministers of the Confederate States pledged their Government to concessions demanded by England, the most important one being that the American Loyalists whose property had been confiscated by various states governments should be indemnified for their loss, and that private debts due from Americans to British creditors should be faithfully discharged. "This," says Fiske, "was the plainest dictate of common honesty." Congress recommended it to the states, but soon found itself powerless to carry out that which the Commissioners had most solemnly pledged. As regards that part of the compact which related to indemnifying the Loyalists, it

was greeted with the most terrible storm of popular indignation. Many had left or been banished early in the war because they did not believe in taking sides against the then established government; their estates were confiscated and they, in many instances, forbidden to return on pain of death, and many who could not get away were treated most barbarously. Thousands of innocent families, says Bancroft, who had taken no part against the American cause were treated so severely that they had to leave. Washington, Adams, Jay, Hamilton and Jefferson counselled better treatment. "Motives of policy," continues Bancroft, "urged their absorption into the population of the Union, now that their sovereign to whom they had continued their allegiance had given them release. But before the end of 1783 thousands of families of superior culture, like the original planters of Massachusetts, were driven to seek homes in the wilds of Nova Scotia. In this way the United States out of their own children built up on their border a colony of rivals in navigation and fishery whose loyalty to the British Crown was sanctified by misfortune."

Fiske tells us that from the pulpit, the press, the coffee house and the tavern, the most extreme bitterness was poured forth concerning them; they were called fawning spaniels, minions of Great Britain and other contemptuous epithets that are enough to make every honest man blush.

Immediately after the evacuation of New York, which was held by the British all through the war, some of the most unjust suits were brought against the Loyalists, who were mulcted in most instances in unreasonably large sums, and it was almost as much as one's life was worth for a lawyer to defend these suits. Hamilton even, much as he had done for

this country, lost very greatly in popularity and was threatened many times anonymously and publicly for acting as the attorney for one of these persecuted Loyalists, who was compelled to remain in the city during the British occupation. For some years after this we find the states drifting apart and making commercial war upon each other. Massachusetts took counsel with New Hampshire and the two states passed navigation acts prohibiting British ships from carrying goods out of their harbors, and imposing a four-fold duty upon all such goods as they should bring in. A discriminating tonnage duty was also laid upon all foreign vessels; Rhode Island also joined in this course. Connecticut no sooner found this state of things to exist than she threw her doors wide open, but laid duties upon imports from Massachusetts. Pennsylvania discriminated against Delaware and New Jersey. New York, under the shrewd management of Governor Clinton, feathered her nest at the expense of every rival state, but history tells us that of all the thirteen states none behaved so badly as did Rhode Island, and, as we shall see hereafter, she was the last of all to ratify the work of that most notable convention which made these states a Nation. The limited time at our disposal this evening will not admit of the least detail concerning the hatred which was rapidly being engendered between the different states. At a general meeting of business men held in New London it was unanimously agreed to suspend all commercial intercourse with New York. Every merchant signed an agreement under penalty of two hundred dollars for the first offense not to send any goods to this hated state for a period of twelve months. In addition to these commercial disputes, others as to territory arose. A chronic one between Connecti-

cut and Pennsylvania over the valley of Wyoming was decided in 1782 by a special Federal Court in favor of Pennsylvania. In 1784 there came a succession of disasters. During a very cold winter great quantities of snow had fallen and lay piled in huge masses on the mountain sides when, in March, a sudden thaw set in. The Susquehanna rose and overflowed the valley, and great blocks of ice drifted, carrying death and destruction on every hand. The people were perishing from cold and hunger, and President Dickenson urged the Legislature to send prompt relief to the sufferers. But they declared that not a penny would they give to help the accursed Yankees. It served them right. If they had stayed in Connecticut where they belonged they would have kept out of harm's way. But the desolation was contrived by the Deity with the express object of punishing their trespass.

We now come to events connected with the finances of the different states as well as the general government. The cost of the war estimated in cash had been about \$170,000,000; to meet this crushing indebtedness the total amount raised by the states, whether by means of repudiated paper or of taxes down to 1784, was not more than \$30,000,000. In many parts of the country by the year 1786, the payment of taxes had ceased. At one time, early in 1782, there was not a single dollar in the national treasury. "That the Government had in any way been able to finish the war, after the downfall of its paper money, was due to the gigantic efforts of Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania. This statesman was born in England, but had come to Philadelphia in his boyhood, and had amassed an enormous fortune, which he devoted without stint to the service of his adopted country. Though opposed to the Declaration of Independence

as rash and premature, he had, nevertheless, signed his name to it, and scarcely any one had contributed more to the success of the war. It was he who supplied the money which enabled Washington to complete the campaign of Trenton and Princeton. In 1781 he was made Superintendent of Finance, and by dint of every imaginable device of hard-pressed ingenuity he contrived to support the brilliant work which began at the Cowpens and ended at Yorktown." In every dire emergency he was Washington's chief reliance, and, in his devotion to the common weal, he drew upon his private resources until he became poor. After three years of herculean struggle with impossibilities, trying to create wealth out of nothing, the task became too arduous and too thankless to be endured. He resigned his position, which was taken by a congressional committee of finance, under whose management the disorders rapidly hurried to a crisis. In later years Morris was allowed by an ungrateful country to languish in a debtor's prison.

By 1786 the paper currency craze was taken up by the different states in succession. All but Connecticut and Delaware rushed headlong into this insanity. In Massachusetts the Legislature voted it down over ten to one, but its members were roundly abused, and some of them burned in effigy. Others were elected to carry out the views of their constituents. In Rhode Island a paper money bill was once defeated by the Legislature, when the farmers about the inland towns were unanimous in its support. They, like our recent flat-money statesmen, could not see the difference between the state making a dollar out of paper or out of coin. Eventually, however, the Legislature was forced to pass the bill and laws were enacted making it a misdemeanor for any one to re-

fuse the paper for their goods. But when suits were brought, the merchants and tradesmen closed up their stores and shops and refused to give away goods which they had paid for in money. Farmers in many states mortgaged their lands on loans of paper money, but when they found what fabulous prices they had to pay for everything they soon had all their lands swept from them and none but the wicked lawyers made anything, as they refused to take cases unless they received their retainers in hard cash.

In August, 1786, a committee at Hatfield, Massachusetts, decided that the court of common pleas ought to be abolished, and that no funds should be granted to Congress, and that paper money should be issued at once. The Legislature, they said, had its sittings in Boston under the influence of the wicked lawyers and merchants and thus could not be expected to do the will of the people. The courts were broken up by armed mobs and the judges compelled to flee, and the general cry was raised all over the state for the wiping out of debts. Then came Shays' rebellion, which, like a hydra, when put down in one place, rose in another; goods were seized, houses burned, and many were killed. During these disturbances events occurred which show the insignificant position the Continental Congress then held. Just before the news concerning the rout of Shays at Petershan by General Lincoln, Samuel Adams had proposed in the senate of his state, that the Governor should be requested to write to Congress as to what was going on in Massachusetts, stating that, although the legislators are firmly persuaded that in all probability they will be able speedily to suppress the rebellion, yet, if unforeseen events should take place, they would rely on such support from the United States as is expressly and solemnly

stipulated by the Articles of Confederation. This was carried in the senate but defeated in the house through the influence of the western country members, who were in sympathy with the insurgents. They said it was incompatible with the dignity of Massachusetts to allow United States troops upon her soil.

The progress of the insurrection in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, as well as the storm which was brewing in Rhode Island, had now alarmed the whole country. It was feared that insurrection and rebellion might run through the land. So Congress called upon the states for a Continental force, but was afraid to declare openly what it was to be used for. It was thought necessary to say that the troops were wanted for an expedition against the Indians. Things had reached such a crisis that all thinking men throughout the land were agreeing that something must be done, and that quickly, or the country would be ruined. Congress was rapidly losing the respect of every one; even the settlers in the state of Franklin declared it to be simply a room full of men whom nobody heeded. It had no other means of fulfilling its treaty obligations than through the good will and concurrence of every one of the states; though in theory the Articles of Confederation presented the United States to all other states as a nation. Congress undertook to enact requisitions and then direct legislatures of thirteen independent states to pass laws to give them effect, itself remaining helpless till they should do so, or, as one has said, "A deliberative body ordering another deliberative body what laws to make." Washington watched with alarm the trend of events, and did all that was possible by letters and other ways to arouse his fellow citizens to lay aside their state

rights jealousies and make this a nation worthy of a name in history. Hamilton labored almost from the commencement of the war by his writings in the *Continentalist*, and afterwards in the *Federalist*, as did Madison and Jay. For years Washington tried to induce Virginia and neighboring states to build canals and improve rivers in order that the West might be more quickly developed. "The East and West," he said, "must be connected by interests in common. Without commercial intercourse they will cease to understand each other and will thus be ripe for disagreement."

In 1785 Washington became president of a company for extending the navigation of the Potomac and James Rivers, and the Legislature of Virginia passed an act vesting him with one hundred and fifty shares in the stock of the company, in order to testify their sense of his merit. But he refused the testimonial and declined any pay for his services, because he wished to arouse the people to the political importance of the undertaking. His sole purpose was, as he repeatedly said, "to strengthen the spirit of union by cementing the Eastern and Western regions together."

In order to extend the navigation of the Potomac, it became necessary for Virginia and Maryland to act in concert; so in 1785 a joint commission of the two states met for consultation in Washington's house at Mt. Vernon. If two states could act together this way, why not more? reasoned Madison. He soon after prepared a motion in the Virginia Legislature that commissioners from all the states should hold a meeting to discuss the best methods of securing uniform treatment of commercial questions, but, as he was known to be a very strong advocate of a more perfect union, he was politician

enough to keep in the background, and so persuaded John Tyler, the father of the President of that name, a fierce states' rights man, to make the motion. Finally, a few long-headed statesmen worked matters in such a way as to cause Virginia to invite the states to send representatives to Annapolis to talk over commerce and *other matters* relating to the states. This was the harbinger of great results. But, when the day arrived, Sept. 11, 1786, the outlook was most discouraging. Commissioners were there from Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Rhode Island and North Carolina had appointed commissioners, but they did not go to the meeting. No action had been taken by Georgia, South Carolina or Connecticut. With but five states represented they did not think it advisable to go on with the work. But, before adjourning, they adopted an address written by Hamilton and sent it to all the states. New Jersey helped matters along amazingly by instructing her delegates to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial relations, *and other important matters*, might be necessary to the common interests and permanent harmony of the states. Hamilton's address urged that commissioners be appointed by all the states to meet in Philadelphia on the second Monday in the following May, to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report such an act, as when agreed to by them and confirmed by the Legislature of every state, would effectually provide for the same. This report was brought before Congress in October. But Walter Dane and Rufus King of Massachusetts defeated it. King said that the committee was an irregular body,

which had no right to propose changes in the organic law of the land, and that the state Legislatures could not confirm the acts of such a body or take notice of them. Congress refused its sanction to the plan of the Annapolis convention. But, fortunately, the paper money craze, the riots in Vermont, the shameful deeds of Rhode Island, the Shays rebellion in Massachusetts, the dispute with Spain on the Florida question, and the refusal to allow the free navigation of the Mississippi below the mouth of the Yazoo, which threatened separation between the North and the South, apparently came like an avalanche to overwhelm a Congress which could not raise a sufficient amount of revenue to meet its expenses, some of the states having flatly refused to pay anything at all. So she finally adopted the recommendations of the Annapolis convention. Madison, however, had not waited for this, but had, by his untiring efforts with the Virginia Legislature, caused it to appoint delegates to the General Convention.

Fortunately, Virginia chose Washington as one of her delegates. This caused an outburst of joy all over the land, as the people all had confidence in him, and they were beginning to be more afraid of anarchy than of centralization of power. New Jersey followed the example of Virginia, then Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Delaware chose delegates. Massachusetts began to open her eyes; heretofore, she had obstinately asserted her local independence, and was as unwilling to strengthen the hands of Congress as any of the states except New York and Rhode Island, but Shays had given her a lesson which she did not care to have repeated. In April, Georgia and South Carolina followed. Connecticut and Maryland appointed delegates in May, and New

Hampshire last of all in June—one month after the convention had assembled. Rhode Island alone refused to have any part whatever in the proceedings.

The convention met in that same building in Philadelphia from which the Declaration of Independence had been sent forth to the world. Of the individual members of this notable convention, twenty-nine were university men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, William and Mary, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow.

Washington and Franklin were central figures whose reputations were international. John Adams and Jefferson would doubtless have been there, had they not been in the diplomatic service abroad.

Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee disapproved of the convention and remained at home. Franklin was the oldest member, and next to him, Roger Sherman. Both had risen from the depths of poverty and had labored at daily toil for their bread. Nicholas Gilman, of New Hampshire, aged twenty-five, was the youngest member, Hamilton the most brilliant, Madison was one of the most useful members on the floor, possessing a fund of information on the different forms of government, both ancient and modern, and so sweetly tempered that no one took offense, as he never used bitter language toward those opposed to him. He also had that remarkable quality of inducing others to introduce the motions and resolutions on the subjects which he was known to hold affirmatively.

With Hamilton came two other members from New York, sent for the express purpose of doing all they could to make the convention a failure.

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, born and educated in Scotland, was one of the most learned jurists in the world. Robert Morris sat next to him. Then

came Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, near the city of New York, the originator of our decimal currency.

John Rutledge, of North Carolina; the Pinkneys from the same state; Caleb Strong, afterward ten times Governor of Massachusetts; George Wythe, the Chancellor of Virginia; Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, afterward Chief Justice of the United States; William Johnson, a fellow of the Royal Society and afterward president of Columbia College; Edmund Randolph, of Virginia; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, and other prominent characters. Six, namely: Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, George Clymer, James Wilson and George Reed had signed the Declaration of Independence.

The 14th of May had been chosen for the convention. But it was not until the 25th that a quorum was present.

Washington was unanimously chosen President, and through the inspiration of an overruling Providence, they sat with locked doors, and an injunction of strict secrecy was put upon every one. A still more remarkable fact, one which differs so widely from the practices of the present day was, not one word of the proceedings leaked out until fifty years afterward; except that which was given out officially at the close of the convention.

From May until September 17th, during one of the most sultry and oppressive summers known to Philadelphia, did this remarkable body struggle through the work.

It is safe to say that, had the newspapers got hold of the proceedings from day to day, these United States would have been but a poor affair at best.

The whole country was all on the *qui vive* while the convention lasted. Some supposed that a king might be chosen, others that the Articles of Confed-

eration would simply be amended. Indeed the members themselves had very different views, which were learned at the informal meetings prior to the time when a quorum was present. Some were for temporizing, fearing that, if much of a change was made in the plan of government, the people would not be induced to adopt it.

Soon after a call to order, Washington arose from his chair and in the most solemn tones and with suppressed emotion said: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God."

The business of the convention was opened by Edmund Randolph, the Governor of Virginia, who offered a set of resolutions gotten up by a committee approved by the state Legislature. He read as follows:

"Resolved, The Articles of Confederation ought to be so corrected and enlarged as to accomplish the objects proposed by their institution, namely, common defense, security of liberty and general welfare.

2. The rights of suffrage in the National Legislature ought to be proportioned to the quotas of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants.

3. The National Legislature ought to consist of two branches, of which the members of the first or democratic house ought to be elected by the people of the several states; of the second, by those of the first, out of persons nominated by the individual legislatures.

4. The National Legislature, of which each branch ought to possess the right of originating acts, ought

to enjoy the legislative rights vested in Congress by the Confederation, and moreover to legislate in all cases to which the separate states are incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States might be interrupted by the exercise of individual legislation; to negative all laws passed by the several states contravening the articles of union; and to call forth the force of the union against any member of the union failing to fulfil its duty under the articles thereof.

5. A National executive, chosen by the National Legislature and ineligible a second time, ought to enjoy the executive rights vested in Congress by the Confederation, and a general authority to execute the national laws.

6. The executive and convenient number of the National Judiciary ought to compose a council of revision, with authority to examine every act of the National Legislature before it shall operate.

7. A National Judiciary to be established, to consist of superior and inferior tribunals, to be chosen by the National Legislature; to hold office during good behavior, etc., etc.

8. Provision ought to be made for the admission of states lawfully arising within the limits of the United States.

9. A republican government and the territory of each state ought to be guaranteed by the United States to each state.

10. Provision ought to be made for the completion of all the engagements of Congress, and for its continuance until after the articles of union shall have been adopted.

11. Provision ought to be made for the amendment of the articles of union, to which the assent of the National Legislature ought not to be required.

12. The legislative, executive and judiciary powers within the several states ought to be bound by oath to support the articles of union.

13. The amendments which shall be offered to the Confederation by the convention ought, after the approbation of Congress, to be submitted to assemblies of representatives, recommended by the several legislatures chosen by the people to consider and decide thereon."

These resolutions were followed by an exhortation to the convention not to suffer the present opportunity of establishing general harmony and happiness and liberty in the United States to pass away unimproved.

An audacious scheme! exclaimed some of the delegates. If they are going to begin like this they might as well go home.

Much discussion arose as to whether or not the lower house should be elected by the people. Gerry could not trust the people. "The people do not want virtue," said he, "but are the dupes of pretended patriots." Roger Sherman was of the same opinion. Madison and others argued powerfully on the side of the people and the question was decided in favor of popular election.

The question which came near breaking up the convention was as to how the states should be represented in the new congress. According to the Virginia plan the smaller states had but little show. Unless they could have equal votes, without regard to wealth or population, they concluded they would be at the mercy of the larger ones.

Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and North Carolina, as well as South Carolina, favored the Virginia plan. Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland would not consent to give up their

equal vote in either branch of the legislature. Yates and Lansing, for the purpose of getting up discord, voted with the smaller states.

New Jersey was obstinate; she declared that she would not be lorded over by the larger states, so its delegates got up a plan of her own. She wanted a legislature consisting of but one house; an executive in the form of a counsel to be chosen by Congress, and a federal judiciary with powers less extensive than those of the Virginia scheme. It gave Congress power to regulate foreign and domestic commerce, to levy duties on imports, and to raise internal revenue by means of a Stamp Act, but it did not give Congress the power to act immediately upon individuals; but the Federal Legislature was to represent states and the states were to vote equally without regard to wealth or population. It was but little better than the old Articles of Confederation. It was most vigorously opposed by Hamilton, Madison, Wilson and King.

Much bitter and irritating discussion was had on this question. Patterson, of New Jersey, said, "Shall I submit the welfare of New Jersey with five votes in the council where Virginia has sixteen? Neither my state nor myself will ever submit to such tyranny." James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, pointed out the absurdity of giving 180,000 men in one part of the country as much weight in the National Legislature as 750,000 in another part. "It is unjust," said he; "the gentleman from New Jersey is candid, I will be equally candid; I never will confederate on his principles."

The convention became nervous and very much excited over this seemingly irreconcilable antagonism. Madison declared that if once the proposed union should be formed, the real danger would come

not from the rivalry between the large and small states, but from antagonistic interests of the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states.

Gunning Bedford, of Delaware, was furious. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not trust you. If you possess the power, the abuse of it could not be checked, and what would prevent you from using it to our destruction? Sooner than be ruined there are foreign powers who will take us by the hand."

The situation, we are told, had become dangerous, and the convention scarce held together by a hair. Then Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman suggested a compromise.

"Yes," said Franklin, the peace-maker, "when a joiner wishes to fit two boards together, he sometimes pares a bit from both." Then was suggested the famous Connecticut compromise, but still neither party was willing to give way. "No compromise for us," said Luther Martin. "You must give each state an equal suffrage or our business is at an end." This question of equal suffrage was eventually put to a vote which resulted in a tie. The vote of Georgia was divided through the influence of Abraham Baldwin, a native of Connecticut and lately a tutor of Yale, and a recent emigrant to Georgia. He yielded his private conviction to what he considered the safety of his country. The house is said to have held its breath while the vote of Georgia was being taken. The effect of this vote was in favor of the Connecticut compromise. Three days more were given to consider the matter in recess, when a committee as impartial as could be formed, with Gerry as its chairman, reported in favor of the compromise. Gerry said while he did not fully approve of the compromise, he preferred it to war and confusion, which must follow if nothing was done. Eleven days more

were consumed in the debate of this question, when some gentle words from Madison soothed the troubled waters and the compromise was adopted by five states to four. It was done by mutual concessions and dividing of the votes of the delegates from Massachusetts.

This compromise arranged it so that in the lower house, population was to be represented, and in the upper house the states, each of which, without regard to size, was forever to be entitled to two senators.

Washington suggested that 30,000 instead of 40,000 inhabitants constitute the ratio of representation for the lower house. On the day that the compromise was favorably reported by the committee, those marplots, Gates and Lansing, seeing that they were powerless for injury while they remained in the convention, returned home to New York to work might and main against the work of this body. Hamilton himself, knowing that his state did not support him, also took his departure to attend to some pressing business, but returned again to take part in the closing scenes.

Another rock on which the convention came near breaking was the slave question. If representation was to be based on population, was that to be a white population or were slaves to be counted? Bitter words passed in debate, but finally, after a wearisome discussion, Madison's resolution was accepted, that, in counting population, whether for direct taxation or for representation in the lower house of Congress, five slaves should be reckoned as three individuals. Another compromise was entered into concerning the foreign slave trade. It was, as Governor Morris called it, a bargain between New England and

the far South. New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut consented to the prolonging of the foreign slave trade for twenty years, or until 1808, and in return South Carolina and Georgia consented to the clause empowering Congress to pass navigation acts and otherwise regulate commerce by a simple majority of votes. One cannot pass this portion of the work of the convention without mentioning the prophetic words of George Mason, of Virginia, especially when we view them through the light of our late war. "This infernal traffic," said he, "discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when performed by slaves. They prevent the immigration of whites who will strengthen the country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities."

On one question the convention was almost a unit, and that was an emphatic condemnation of paper money. No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation, grant letters of marque, coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, etc., etc. They were bound that there should be no repetition of that dreadful paper craze which had caused so much injury and distress.

They considered this a most favorable time to crush that fearful hydra. "Let us shut and bar the door against paper money," said Elliott. "Remove the possibility of paper money," said James Wilson. "Rather than grant this power to Congress," said

John Langdon, "I would reject the whole plan." "It would be as alarming," said Beard, of Delaware, "as the mark of the Beast in the Apocalypse."

Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Randolph. all were most decidedly against it and it was so passed.

Great as was the work of this convention, there were doubts in the minds of many members concerning parts of it, and it was decided that congress might at any time by a two-thirds vote in both houses propose amendments to the constitution or on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states might call a convention for proposing amendments.

When the document was fully drafted by Gouverneur Morris, and all ready for signature, Franklin produced a paper which was read for him—he being too weak—urging all to sign it. "Some parts of the Constitution," he said, "he had not approved, but he was astonished to find it so nearly perfect." Whatever opinion he had of its errors he would sacrifice to the public good, and he hoped that every member of the convention who still had objections would on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility and for the sake of unanimity put his name to the instrument. Hamilton also entreated them to sign it. A few members, he said, by refusing to sign might do infinite mischief. No man's ideas could be more remote from the plan than his own were known to be; but was it possible for a true patriot to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on the one side and the chance of good expected from this plan on the other? Mason, Randolph and Gerry refused to sign.

Washington stepped forth and signed, as did all the others present except the three just mentioned.

On the 17th of September, 1787, the Federal conven-

tion broke up, and the members hurried to their respective homes, the majority of them to do all in their power to win their states over to the ratification of the constitution; a few to do all they possibly could against it. On the 20th of September a draft of the constitution was laid before Congress, then sitting in New York, accompanied by a letter from Washington. The forces of the opposition were promptly on hand and tried every possible means to clog the progress of the work, but to no avail. After eight days of discussion it was voted that the new constitution, together with Washington's letter, be transmitted to the several legislatures, to be submitted to a committee of delegates in each state by the people thereof, in conformity to the resolution of the committee.

The first contest came in Pennsylvania, where a large majority favored it, but a few of its opponents worked in every conceivable way to defeat it.

The Pennsylvania Legislature consisted of but one house. The anti-Federal members, when they found that they could do nothing, broke a quorum by their absence. It took forty-seven to make a quorum, only forty-five being present. Nineteen had formed an indignation meeting and quit the house in a body. The sergeant-at-arms was sent out to bring in the delinquent members, but they defied him. The Federalist members got word to the people as to how things were going, so they in turn held an indignation meeting in one of the taverns, where the obstructionists were roundly abused. The next day a crowd of citizens broke into the lodgings of two of the delinquent members, hustled them off to the State House and held them down in their seats while they kicked and raved in a most terrible manner. This made a quorum. A state convention was then appointed for the 20th of November. In the mean-

time the anonymous writers got in their work through the newspapers. "Pretty men these," said they, "to be offering a new government. You might be sure there was a British cloven foot in it somewhere." Their convention had sat four months with closed doors, as if they were afraid to let people know what they were doing. Nobody could tell what secret conspiracies against American liberty might not have been hatched in all that time. One thing was sure; the convention had squabbled, some members had gone off in a huff; others had refused to sign a document fraught with untold evils to the country. And now came James Wilson making speeches in behalf of this precious constitution, trying to pull the wool over people's eyes and persuade them to adopt it. Who was James Wilson, anyway? A Scotchman, a country-man of Lord Bute, a born aristocrat, a snob, a patrician, James de Caledonia. Beware of any form of government defended by such a man. And as to the other members, there was Roger Sherman, who signed the Articles of Confederation and was now trying to undo his work. What confidence could be placed in a man who did not know his own mind any better than that? Then there were Hamilton and Madison, mere boys, of whom nothing better could be expected; and Franklin, an old dotard, a fool in his second childhood, and as to Washington, who was doubtless a good soldier, but in other particulars a natural born fool. What did he know about politics?" While this pot-house nonsense was going on Delaware ratifies the constitution without a dissenting voice. This had a most excellent effect upon Pennsylvania and she did the same on Dec. 12th, 1787, by a vote of 46 against 23; New Jersey unanimously on the 18th of December. On the 2d of January, 1788, Georgia ratified without a

word of dissent; Connecticut, January 9th, by a vote of 128 to 40, after a session of only five days.

The great state of Massachusetts had a very difficult path to travel. This state had done more in the way of men and means to support the war than any other. Indeed, it furnished nearly half the soldiers for the army, as against twelve other states. But some of her very best men feared the centralization of power which the new constitution seemed to imply. With Samuel Adams the democracy of the town meeting was everything. The thought of a standing army was something awful.

But the common people were beginning to hold meetings in favor of the new constitution. The shipwrights, brass founders and others advertised a meeting to be held at the Green Dragon Tavern. They passed resolutions in favor of the constitution, and appointed a committee with Paul Revere at its head to make known these resolutions to the great popular leader. When Adams read the paper, he asked of Paul Revere how many mechanics were at the Green Dragon. "More, sir, than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest, Mr. Revere?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More than there are stars in the sky." This had a marked effect on Samuel Adams.

About this time Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, wrote to Gerry to do all that was in his power to prevent Massachusetts from adopting the constitution without insisting on sundry amendments, and suggested that there should be another federal convention. Massachusetts thereupon corresponded with Washington, who in reply said, "If another federal convention is attempted, its members will be more discordant, and will agree upon no general plan. The constitution is the best that can be obtained at this

time. The constitution or dissension are before us to choose from. If the constitution is our choice, a constitutional door is open for amendments, and they may be adopted in a peaceable manner without tumult or disorder. After this Massachusetts soon fell into line, as they had unbounded faith in Washington. She ratified February 6, 1788, by the small majority of 187 against 168. On the 21st of April the Maryland convention assembled at Annapolis. All the previous winter Patrick Henry had been hard at work with the hope of inducing the southern states to establish a southern confederacy, but he had made very little headway in Maryland owing to the influence of Washington. She ratified April 28th by a vote of 63 to 11. South Carolina, May 23d by a vote of 149 to 73. Then came the tug of war in Virginia. To this powerful state all anxious eyes were turned. Like Massachusetts she had done much in carrying on the war, though it was more difficult to get soldiers than in Massachusetts. Patrick Henry, being on his own dung hill, hoped to do much in preventing his state from joining with the others in a more permanent union and more especially with the northern states. He made the most strenuous efforts, aided by Benjamin Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, Grayson and John Tyler, to reject the constitution. When the Virginia assembly met, the moment the speaker recognized him, Patrick Henry was on his feet and fell to abusing the constitution. "It was," said he, "a great consolidated government. Under it neither the rights of conscience nor the liberty of speech or the press, nor trial by jury could be secure, a pernicious, an impolitic, a dangerous doctrine; an aristocracy of the rich and well born would spring up and trample on the masses." For days he went on with this rubbish which, fortunately, moved no one. At last, on the

14th of June, when he had worn out the patience of all, the house declared that what Henry called the discussion at large, should stop, and ordered that the text of the constitution should be taken up clause by clause.

Wythe, the chairman of the committee of the whole, left his seat, came down into the body of the house and moved to ratify, with such amendments as it should seem best to make. The instant his second sat down, Henry was up with a substitute of a bill of rights and some twenty amendments, and kept up the wrangle for two more days. Madison, however, and Governor Randolph, whom he had won over to his side, with John Marshall (afterward chief justice of the United States) succeeded in bringing matters to a head by their convincing logic, so that on the 25th, the state of Virginia voted in favor of the constitution 89 to 79. This was followed by rejoicing on every hand; bonfires and the firing of cannon.

New York came next. She was strongly anti-Federal from her governor down. Governor Clinton was one of the most bitter haters of the constitution known throughout the land. But Hamilton, with his voice and pen, was more than a match for him. His skill in debate was wonderful and his logic most convincing. He had previously prepared the minds of the people by issuing semi-weekly those admirable short essays on government in the *Federalist*. These papers have extorted the admiration of the leading minds of Europe. He changed votes by his untiring succession of brilliant speeches. He did this, too, in the midst of continued personal attacks, which he was compelled not only to ward off, but to keep distinct from his cause. Day after day he labored in upholding the cause of the constitution. Every opinion which he had expressed was turned into a weapon of personal

attack, and he was constantly assailed as if he and the constitution were one. He defended and explained his own position, debated every point, met his vigorous opponents in constant battle.

Filled with his subject, he was thoroughly familiar with all that could be said on both sides; he reasoned and pleaded, exhausting every resource of argument, and his work told. He brought the very large majority which formerly strongly opposed the measure, to finally vote in favor of it. New York voted for the constitution on the 26th of July, 30 in favor, 27 against it. North Carolina did not give her consent until the 21st of November, several months after the required number of states had given the crowning touch to the work, and the government had been established. Rhode Island, last of all, not until May 29, 1790.

On the 6th of April, the senate chose John Langdon for its president, and the two houses in concert counted the electoral votes. There were 69 of them in all and every one of the 69 were found to be for George Washington, of Virginia. The vice-president was then voted for.

It had been hoped that Samuel Adams would be chosen, as he had done so much for the country in his work for independence. But the electors remembered how he had worked against the ratification of the constitution, so his cousin, John Adams, who had just returned from his mission to England, was chosen. On the 14th of April, Washington was informed of his election, and on the 16th, he again bid adieu to Mt. Vernon and started for New York, the temporary seat of government.

At every town through which he passed, he received an ovation. He arrived on the 23d, and was entertained at dinner by Governor Clinton who had

done all in his power to prevent the union of these states. On the 23d came the inauguration. "He came forth, dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth of American make, with white silk hose, and shoes decorated with silver buckles, while at his side hung a dress sword. A sea of upturned eager faces confronted him, as he stood in front of Federal Hall, Wall street, attended by a military escort. For a moment all was hushed in deepest silence, while the secretary of the senate held forth the Bible upon a velvet cushion, and Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office. Then, before Washington had as yet raised his head, Livingstone shouted—and from all that vast company came answering shouts—"*long live George Washington, President of the United States.*"



DR. DANIEL A. PROVERBS

I am not earth born though I have a name

Hope's child, I summon in a mortal frame

And joy to see the mild and sweet

Smile on the drunk and thin and old

I laugh, for hope hath happy power

If my back sink, 'tis to get me out

WILSON PUBLISHED



DR. DANIEL A. THOMPSON

*I am not earth-born though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infniter powers,
And joy to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours.
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea.*

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

DR. DANIEL A. THOMPSON

1862—1904

Death has again entered the ranks of the medical profession in Indianapolis. Doctor Thompson touched life at many points—in the family relation as son, brother, husband and father; in civic life as a good and loyal citizen; as a practitioner in his chosen field of ophthalmology he was one of the most skilful, widest known and most respected and beloved by his confreres and patients. For nearly fifteen years he had held the chair so long occupied by the eminent father, Dr. James L. Thompson, now emeritus professor of the same branch in the Medical College of Indiana, and long engaged in the practice in our city and active in hospital work and in its charitable institutions.

He leaves a wife, son and daughter to mourn his loss; a sister, the wife of Dr. John H. Oliver. Death has claimed within a brief period several members of the college: Dr. Ralph Morgan, an active general practitioner of great promise, from typhoid fever; Dr. Eugene Davis, who was the assistant in Doctor Thompson's clinic, of the same disease, and within the year Dr. John F. Geis, the professor of chemistry. All were graduates of the college; all were in the summer of life, with families and honorable and useful records as citizens and physicians.

The signal feature of Doctor Thompson's life was happiness in labor and righteousness; hope and courage, veracity in the life of the spirit; consistency of the outward and the inward life. His sympathies were broad and went out warmly to those furthest

removed from the high and somewhat rarefied atmosphere in which professional men are usually supposed to pass their lives.

"Dan Thompson" has gone from us, but his name is not "writ in water." His life and work made him more than a wave of the midmost ocean which has foamed for a moment, and then sunk forever in the illimitable sea. That which lies behind in the life of a man may seem insignificant in the immense volume of human life and action, but to those who knew Doctor Thompson it is a pleasant memory and a noble example. And to them the interminable vale which lies before him is not dark and cheerless, but is lighted with pleasant dreams and visions and even with glorious hopes, and they will rest assured that wherever in the future there is virtue and knowledge and beauty, he will find a home.

The faculty of the college in general assembly appointed a committee of five members to prepare an appropriate memorial. The Indianapolis Medical Society also passed appropriate resolutions and made them matter of record. The closing appreciation of his life was given by the Rev. Matthias L. Haines, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and the interment was in Crown Hill Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM. DANIEL A. THOMPSON

1862—1904

(By the Faculty of the Medical College of Indiana.)

Dr. Daniel A. Thompson, professor of diseases of the eye in the Medical College of Indiana, died at his home in Indianapolis, Saturday afternoon, October 22d, after an illness of three weeks following a visit with his wife and two children to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in the summer of 1904.

His illness compelled them to return home after a four days' visit, and was due to the great heat and overexertion resulting in hepatic inflammation and abscess. He bravely attended his clinics twice after his return. The funeral was from his home and the burial was by his mother in the Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

The faculty of the college met in general session Monday at 5:00 p. m., forty-seven members being present, and took action commemorating his life and work of over thirty years in Indianapolis. Remarks were made by Drs. L. H. Dunning, Robert O. McAlexander, A. W. Brayton, John W. Sluss, Henry Jameson, Ernest C. Reyer, W. N. Wishard and A. C. Kimberlin. A committee was appointed, of which Dr. A. W. Brayton was chairman and writer, to formulate a memorial of Doctor Thompson, copies to be sent to the family and placed in the records of the college. The memorial reported by the committee is as follows:

IN MEMORIAM

Doctor Thompson was born in Rush county, Indiana, in 1862. He was educated in the city schools, graduating from the Indianapolis High School in June of 1881, and from the Medical College of Indiana in the spring of 1883. He served the following year as house physician in the Indianapolis City Hospital and in 1885 took post-graduate courses in the eye hospitals in London and Vienna. He then became associated with his father, Dr. J. L. Thompson, in his professional work, this relation continuing until his death. In 1890 he succeeded to his father's position as professor of diseases of the eye in the college. Since that time he has been one of the most faithful and useful teachers, giving the didactic course to the

seniors, and holding three clinics each week in the college dispensary, treating over 1,000 ophthalmic cases during each year. He was also on the hospital staffs of the City Hospital, St. Vincent's Infirmary, the Deaconess Hospital, the City Dispensary and the Eleanor Hospital for Children. Of strong and vigorous physique, he took an active part in the state militia service for several years, becoming commander of the Indiana Battalion of Light Artillery with the rank of major. Such in brief is the history of Doctor Thompson as related to medical practice and education in our city.

As a man all admired his rugged honesty and conscientiousness, his unswerving devotion to his ideals and his duty as shown in all the relations of life. In his chosen work his students and patients were inspired by his enthusiasm, his thoroughness, his keen accuracy and attention to details, and his constant effort to see things as they are. He was not a frequent writer, but he was a clear and forceful teacher, both didactic and clinical—an actor rather than a declaimer in the drama of our profession.

His inheritance was doubly happy; from his mother a bright and sunny temperament; from his father a high mentality and sense of justice and righteousness. He loved nature and all living things; he had a just and proper reverence for the lower forms of life; he had the religious reverence for the higher powers which make for righteousness, and he had in large measure reverence for the human kind of every degree. He always strove to obey the prophet's injunction, to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before his God. His home life was ideal; he and his father were "hearts of each other sure." Whether on the country farm with his wife, his boy and girl, or in their city home, his family occupied

his time and affections in place of clubs, theaters and the less dignified forms of amusements. These afflicted ones know better than all others the depth and breadth and persistence of his love, affection and devotion.

As we look over his past and see the large and beneficent plane on which his life was cast, it seems to us so great as to have merited yet many years, and we are but ill prepared for his sudden and untimely removal. We grieve that so sweet and beneficent a presence is cut off in the mid-day of his life. He has passed into the eternal silence, "to where beyond these voices there is peace." Fearlessly has he gone from us and with a great hope, for he regarded death as but a bend in the road and this life a prelude to eternity. He might well have said with the poet Channing:

I am not earth-born though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And joy to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours.
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea.

TRIBUTE OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

The Indianapolis Medical Society at the meeting of November 8th, adopted the following tribute to the memory of Dr. D. A. Thompson, which was reported by Drs. Heath, Woollen and W. N. Wishard.

In the death of Dr. Daniel A. Thompson the Indianapolis Medical Society loses a most valued member, one whose genial disposition and manly fairness made him deservedly popular, and whose skill and generous kindness will be gratefully remembered by thousands. He was an affectionate son, a faithful

husband, a loving father and brother, a true friend, unselfish, helpful, sympathetic, devoted to truth and the betterment of humanity.

The sympathy of this society goes out to his bereaved family in this hour of their great sorrow.

F. C. HEATH,

G. V. WOOLLEN.

W. N. WISHARD,

Committee.

This memorial was accepted by the faculty at a subsequent meeting, and was ordered to be made matter of record and published in the *Indiana Medical Journal* and the *Medical Student*. Five hundred copies were ordered printed and sent to the family, to the students of the college and members of the faculty. It was also ordered that the name of Doctor Thompson be added to the memorial tablet in the college reading room, and that the condolence of the faculty be sent to his family in the time of their bereavement. (The name is so recorded on the great marble slab in the Lomax Library room of the old Indiana Medical College building. The above memorial of Dr. Daniel A. Thompson was first printed in the *Indiana Medical Journal* of October, 1904, in the same form and writing as it is presented here.—A. W. B.)

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